

JEDEDIAH TAYLOR
181 CLINTON-AVE
CITY



IMPROVEMENT ERA



NOVEMBER, 1923

Vol. 27

No. 1

ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIA-
TIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF ~
LATTER-DAY SAINTS ~~~~~

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24 Heavy weight cotton bleached.....	2.50
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Open Wide the Temple Door

Open wide the sacred portals,
Open wide the Temple door;
Let the Saints come in and labor,
For the dead on yonder shore.
Those who've died without the knowledge
Of the gospel's glorious truth,
Open wide the sacred portals,
Open them to age and youth.

Ere the gospel's star had risen,
Or its orbit gleamed with light,
When redemption's dawn was breaking
Through the clouds of errors night.
Thousands died nay never knowing
God, and what his power can do,
Now we come to their redemption,
As Christ ransomed, I and you.

Oh, ye Saints, seek out your kindred,
Gather names from every clime,
For this is redemption's era,
Yea, this is the promised time
When the Temple spires should glitter,
And the towers of Zion shine,
Ere the great millennial dawning
Links eternity with time.

Thus as saviors on "Mount Zion,"
For this is truly what we are,
Let us gather at the Temple,
Gather there from near and far:
Then the dead will shout Hosannas,
That their waiting hours are o'er;
Then open wide the sacred portals,
Open wide the temple door.

Logan, Utah

Sarah E. Mitton

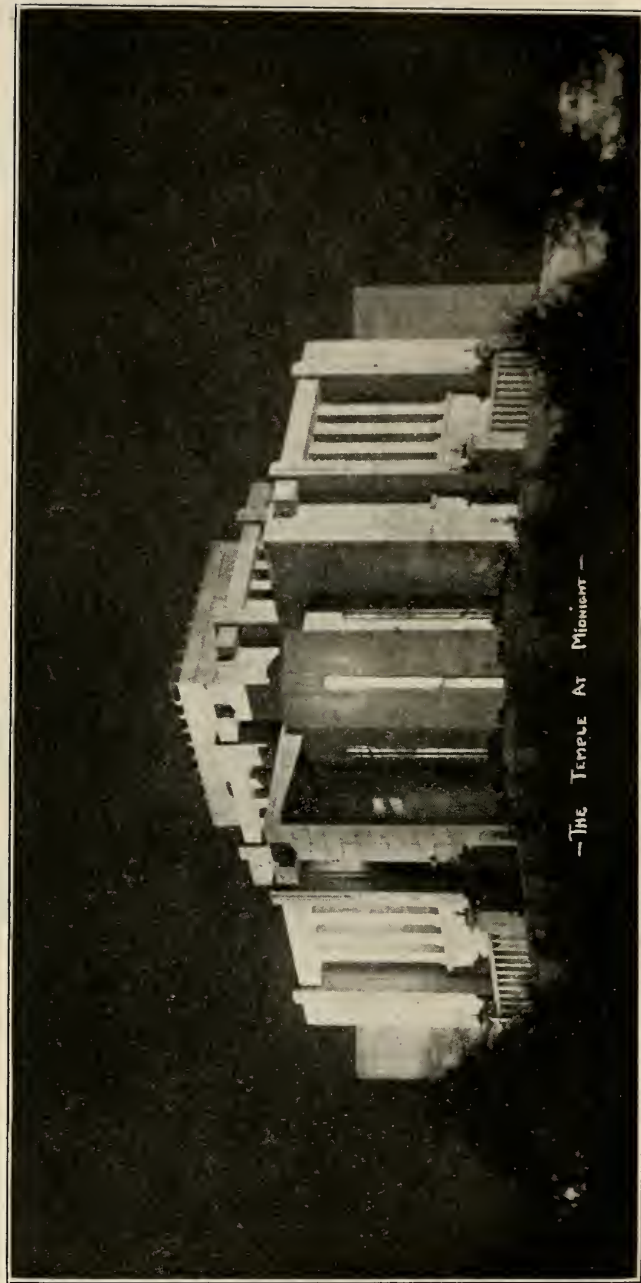


Photo by George Ed. Anderson, Springville, Utah

THE ALBERTA TEMPLE

Dedicated August 26, 1923, by President Heber J. Grant

Hearts must be pure to come within these walls
Where spreads a feast unknown to festive halls.
Freely partake, for freely God hath given,
And taste the holy joys that tell of heaven.

Here learn of Him who triumphed o'er the grave,
And unto men the keys, the Kingdom, gave;
Joined here by powers that past and present bind,
The living and the dead perfection find.

Orson F. Whitney, of the Council of the Twelve.

IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XXVII

NOVEMBER, 1923

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THE INDIANS AND THE WILD WEST

BY DR. RICHARD R. LYMAN,
OF THE GENERAL SUPERINTENDENCY, Y. M. M. I. A.

"Many of Them Will be Saved."—Alma 9:17.

"Near old Fort Benton in the State of Montana, about thirty-five years ago," said John Jackson Galbreath, "I was born in a little Indian hut, on the banks of the Teton river." His mother, a full-blooded Pegan Indian princess, the daughter of Mountain Chief, was also born in the northwest. In those days the Pegan tribe, of which her father was Chief, numbered some thirty or forty thousand.

Her brother, that is the uncle of Jack Galbreath, up to the time of his father's death was called "Big Brave." At this time however, in accordance with the Indian custom of great warriors and good families, "Big Brave" took his father's name, "Mountain Chief." Thus the largest, the best and the bravest son among the Indians inherits or takes his father's name.

The paternal grandfather of John Jackson Galbreath was a Scotchman by birth. His father was born in Tualatin, Oregon. It is said of the father that he "was a large, handsome, well-built Scotchman."

In 1914 Jack, (as he is called by his intimate friends) a splendid combination of the best characteristics in the American Indian, and of the sterling qualities of the hardy Scotch race—a giant in size and strength, with unusual alertness,—was married to Susan Hudson, a real American beauty, with clear blue eyes, an abundance of golden hair, with dignity and poise and physique that would be a credit to any Princess. This representative of the Lamanites and his fair-haired wife—he as dark as she is light—have been blessed with seven splendid children. The eldest, a girl, "Montana Alberta," who has a fine singing voice, was given this appropriate name by her grandfather.

At the recent dedication of the Alberta Temple, this fine look-

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Address Room 406 Church Office Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.



Mountain Chief, or Big Brave—Uncle of John Jackson Galbreath.
Best Known and Perhaps Greatest of all Big Indian Chieftains.

ing representative of the Lamanites, arose in the midst of the audience during the dedicatory services at the request of President Edward J. Wood, so that those present could see this splendid representative of the American Indian—the race of his mother. And as he stood there amid the splendor of architecture, art and finish of this holy and sacred edifice, it seemed that the scriptures were being fulfilled:

“For there are many promises which are extended to the Lamanites; for it is because of the traditions of their fathers that caused them to remain in their state of ignorance; therefore the Lord will be merciful unto them and prolong their existence in the land.

“And at some period of time they will be brought to believe in his word, and to know of the incorrectness of the traditions of their fathers; and many of them will be saved, for the Lord will be merciful unto all who call on his name.”—Alma 9:16, 17.

During the dedicatory service week, Mr. and Mrs. Galbreath in their splendid home in Cardston, entertained at a great dinner party the following named General Authorities of the Church and their kindred.

Of the Presidency of the Church and their families: President and Mrs. Heber J. Grant and their daughter Emily; President and Mrs. Anthony W. Ivins and their daughter Fulvia. Of the members of the Council of Twelve and their wives, President Rudger Clawson and wife, George Albert Smith and wife, George F. Richards and wife, Joseph Fielding Smith and wife, James E. Talmage and wife, Stephen L. Richards and wife, Richard R. Lyman and wife, Melvin J. Ballard and wife, John A. Widtsoe and wife; the Presiding Patriarch, Hyrum G. Smith; of the Presiding Bishopric, Bishop David A. Smith and wife, and the Smith genealogist, Edith Smith.

One of those at this brilliant affair remarked at the time that this fine home and elaborate dinner would have been a credit to a wealthy resident of New York City.

The Galbreath home in Cardston is small and modest when compared with the palatial residence that has been built in accordance with Jack Galbreath's own ideas and plans on his ranch in Northern Montana some fifty miles from Cardston, Canada, and forty miles from Browning, Montana, the nearest railroad station.

It was at his ranch home in the summer of 1922 that “The Big Chief,” John Jackson Galbreath, entertained the group of auxiliary workers who had been in attendance at the conventions of the three Canadian stakes, and it was at that time that the information contained in the following portions of this article was secured.

President Edward J. Wood of the Alberta stake and J. Walter Low, stake superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A., with their two automobiles, took the party from Cardston to the Jack Galbreath ranch. Soon after the arrival of the party the “Big Chief” began the entertainment of his guests with a wonderful bucking exhibition.

He has on his ranch two circular corrals tangent to each other. The poles are so laid, one on top of another, that all the ends of the



Ranch House of Jack Galbreath. Located in Northern Montana,
Forty Miles from Browning.

poles are on the outside of the corral. Into one of these corrals a band of wild horses was driven from the hillside not far away. Soon one wild animal was driven into a small pen or chute built in the side of this corral. By using a gate which formed a portion of the wall of the corral, this wild horse was soon clamped between the gate and the side of the little pen or chute. (While, as I understand it, this device is intended primarily for use in branding horses, it can certainly be used advantageously for saddling bronchos.)

In a few moments the other horses were driven into the adjoining corral, the saddle was on the wild animal, a rider in the saddle, and in the fine round corral just vacated the bucking exhibition was on.

As soon as this snorting, ferocious animal quit pitching, the rider jumped to the ground and the saddle was removed. The band of horses was driven back into the first corral, a second charger was clamped between the gate and the side of the small pen, the saddle was soon on the animal's back, a rider in it, and then the bucking exhibition proceeded with such fury that soon the rider was hurled through the air. While he was not seriously hurt, as the thrown horseman limped from the corral he said: "Say, Jack, I thought you said that horse wouldn't buck."

When the third infuriated animal had given an exhibition of life on the frontier that would have satisfied a group of the wildest cowboys, and when he had kicked a board from the side of the high corral fence just below the feet of Mrs. Lucy Woodruff Smith of the Young Ladies' Board, and had brought out of her a screech made as if she were attempting to draw the attention of the people at the railroad station forty miles away, the rider who had had plenty of

exercise and experience for one day said: "Catch him, boys, if you can."

The other members of the party were Jennie B. Knight of the Relief Society, Harold G. Reynolds of the Sunday School, Emily Smith of the Primary organization, and the writer, representative of the General Authorities of the Church and the Y. M. M. I. A. All these General Board members were seated on top of the high pole fence in what they regarded as safe and secure places, until the horses, with their hind feet, began to hammer the poles and tear the boards from the fence under the feet of the representative of the Young Ladies' Associations.

The bucking exhibition, the fine dinner, and the evening spent singing familiar songs, reading Indian stories and listening to the



Indian Tepees at the Jack Dempsey Contest at Shelby, Montana

actual Indian experiences of the "Big Chief," completed a most enjoyable day.

Sitting in his palatial ranch house on this evening, our host, in a reminiscent mood, told of his parents, his childhood and youth, his school days, his later association with his famous old uncle, "Mountain Chief," and also of his marriage and his conversion to the gospel.

In speaking of his conversion he said that for eight long years before he joined the Church he investigated and studied the teachings of the gospel and put forth his best efforts with a determination to convince himself that the teachings were not true.

While he studied hard and listened earnestly to the preaching of others, he says he was most influenced by the gospel life as lived by his wife. His own words are: "The best way to teach the gospel is to live it. It was my wife's splendid example as a consistent Latter-day Saint which converted me finally."

Mr. Galbreath had always been willing to have his wife pay her tithing, and for two years before he joined the Church he himself had kept the Word of Wisdom strictly. By actual experience, he said, he found the Word of Wisdom to be "good medicine."

The experiences of his childhood as related by Jack Galbreath are full of interest. He remembers particularly that when his father's horses had been stolen by the Indians, in the absence of his father, his mother took him and her other four children out on the hillside where for days they lived upon wild berries which she gathered for them.

At the age of seven, with his parents, Jack left the Teton river and went to the Indian Reservation. He was put in a Catholic school for three months. After that he was put by his father into an Indian military school. In this institution he was given two hours per day of schooling and eight hours per day of work. It is said that this same practice is still continued on the reservation. It is his opinion that the Indians must be educated before much can be expected of them, and that two hours of schooling and eight hours of work is too little schooling and too much work for Indian boys and girls.

In these schools the "Big Chief" says the Indians, during his childhood were treated like prisoners. The Indian boys, he explained, like grown-up Indians, are all proud of their long braids of black hair. These are regarded by them as signs of strength, and the Indians have great admiration for strength. They admire the big Indian with the long braids of black hair who, when he dances can make the very floor shake. The feelings of the Indian boys were greatly hurt when they were taken into the schools on the reservation and their long braids were cut off as if they had been horses tails.

When about twelve or thirteen years old, and for several years in succession, he went to the public school for some two or three months during the year. With such a little opportunity to go to school it seemed remarkable that this splendid representative of the American Indians has learned so much and in his short lifetime has made such a pronounced success.

When our friend joined the Church in 1914, he had but forty-five head of cattle and a five-room house, while in 1922, at the time of the visit above referred to, he was running four thousand head of cattle on his own ranch and had an interest in another herd of two thousand. His own ranch contains seventy-five thousand acres and is enclosed with one hundred miles of fence. He had in use one hundred head of saddle horses, one hundred work and stock horses, and was employing fifty white men. In the year 1918 he sold \$140,000 worth of beef.

His ranch house has seven outside openings, twenty-three rooms, a large basement and laundry, and it is supplied with a water works system which brings spring water a distance of three thousand feet from an elevation sufficient to give very satisfactory pressure. The house complete, including the water works system, cost \$40,000. It

contains a combination living and dining room which is so large that it will seat two hundred people. It is the hope of the "Big Chief" that in this room the gospel will be preached to many of his mother's people, the American Indians, who live on the reservation in which his ranch is located.

Upon the walls of this home pictures of "Mountain Chief," Jack's maternal uncle, taken in various costumes and under various conditions, occupy prominent places. "Mountain Chief" is at present one of the best-known and most-admired of the living Indian Chieftains. In 1917 he was sent to Washington, D. C., to represent the Indians who are full-blooded. Our good friend and brother, Jack, was sent to Washington at the same time as a delegate to look after the stock interests and the leases of the Indians. While Jack's famous uncle is usually spoken of as "Mountain Chief," the name which, as already explained, he took from his father, his original name is "Big Brave." As shown in the picture accompanying this article, he has a medallion of President Wilson, which was handed to him by Col. Harper, the Chairman of the Inauguration Committee, in 1913, "Mountain Chief" having been in Washington at that time. The medallion is suspended from a chain. At that time "Mountain Chief" and his wife had an interview with the President of the United States and his wife, which lasted about one hour. "Mountain Chief" is considered the Chief of the entire reservation, as well as of the Hart Butte District. He has a uniform that was presented to him by General Scott. He takes pleasure in wearing this uniform on important occasions.

Jack Galbreath says he has found it somewhat of a handicap to be a member of the Church. It took him five days on one occasion to get a meeting with the board of directors of a banking institution from which he desired to secure a loan. After the "Big Chief" had presented his case, they said: "To be frank with you, we have heard that you are a 'Mormon,' and that your belief is that cheating a non-'Mormon' will bring a great reward in the hereafter. Do you believe that? We got this information from good authority."

"Such information," said the "Big Chief," "did not come from good authority. It is the product of the mind of some narrow-brained rascal."

From his pocket he drew a little card and read the thirteenth article of Faith, then he said: "If you can find anything in 'Mormon' doctrine that is not elevating, I'll give you my ranch." Said he, "What do you think of that thirteenth Article of Faith?" He added: "The 'Mormons' have taught me to keep the Word of Wisdom, not to gamble or carouse." He told them that while he was not there to preach a sermon he would take the opportunity of explaining to them as best he could the principles of the 'Mormon' religion.

When he had finished the President of the Bank stood up, took



John Jackson Galbreath—Member of the Church Who Represented the Descendants of Lehi at the Recent Dedication Exercises of the Alberta Temple at Cardston, Canada.

him by the hand, and congratulated him saying: "If all 'Mormons' practice these teachings, they are able to handle big business, and they are good risks. For one I recommend that we make the desired loan." He was asking for a loan of \$150,000. Since that time from the same company he has borrowed three or four times as much.

With regard to the conversion of the Indians, our friend "Jack," than whom there ought to be no better authority on this subject, says that they must be educated—they must be civilized before they can be converted. Until they can read and write and think, until they have some vision and are inspired with some ambition, they cannot be expected to appreciate even the Word of Wisdom which, when practiced, produces such immediate and remarkable results, especially for the Indians. When they cannot understand this, how can they be expected to understand the more abstract truths of the gospel of salvation?

If our friend Jack's view is correct, a great work must be accomplished before the scripture referring to the Lamanites and referred to above can be fulfilled, namely:

"Many of them will be saved, for the Lord will be merciful unto all who call on His name."

AN OBJECT LESSON FROM AN OLD NOTE-BOOK

BY LULA GREENE RICHARDS

In a brief address, Elder John Woolley said: "When I was a young man some forty years ago, or thereabouts, some of the Salt Lake boys, including myself, were out on one of our expeditions between here and the Missouri River. It was in the spring of the year and the water was high in all the streams. One stream that we had to cross was bridged, but water had overflowed the bank and made quite a deep, rushing river between us and the bridge. Bishop Robert Burton, General Burton we called him in those days, had charge of our company, and he asked me if I would ride my horse through the water in a certain place which he pointed out, and carry one end of a rope over and fasten it to the bridge while the other end would be kept on shore, stretching the rope across to assist in fording our teams and wagons on to the bridge.

"I replied, 'Yes, I'll go, but that place looks rather—I don't like the looks of the water there, the way it sweeps around at that point. I can't swim much and it might carry me off my horse, I would rather try it down here.'

"General Burton looked the situation carefully over again, but he still thought and said the place he had first decided upon would be the best place for me to cross over. And I still felt and rather argued in favor of the other point which looked to me to be somewhat safer.

"Brother Burton then spoke up a little cross, and said, 'Well, try it there!' reluctantly giving me my way. So I rode my horse up to the edge of the stream, but he was not used to such deep looking water, and rather objected to venturing in. I struck him on the flank with the end of the rope and he plunged forward and down, we both went under the water, out of sight. We came up again though and turned and scrambled up the bank.

" 'Well!' said Brother Burton, 'how do you like that?'

"I brushed the water off my head and answered, 'I don't like it!'

" 'Well, now try it there!' said General Burton, indicating the place he had first chosen for me. This time I followed his directions and succeeded without further trouble in doing what he had asked of me.

"That little circumstance has been an object lesson to me ever since it occurred. It has helped me to realize that however things may appear to us naturally, it is always safest for us to take the advice of those placed in charge of matters over us, and carry out their instructions in their way, not ours, even if we see things differently."

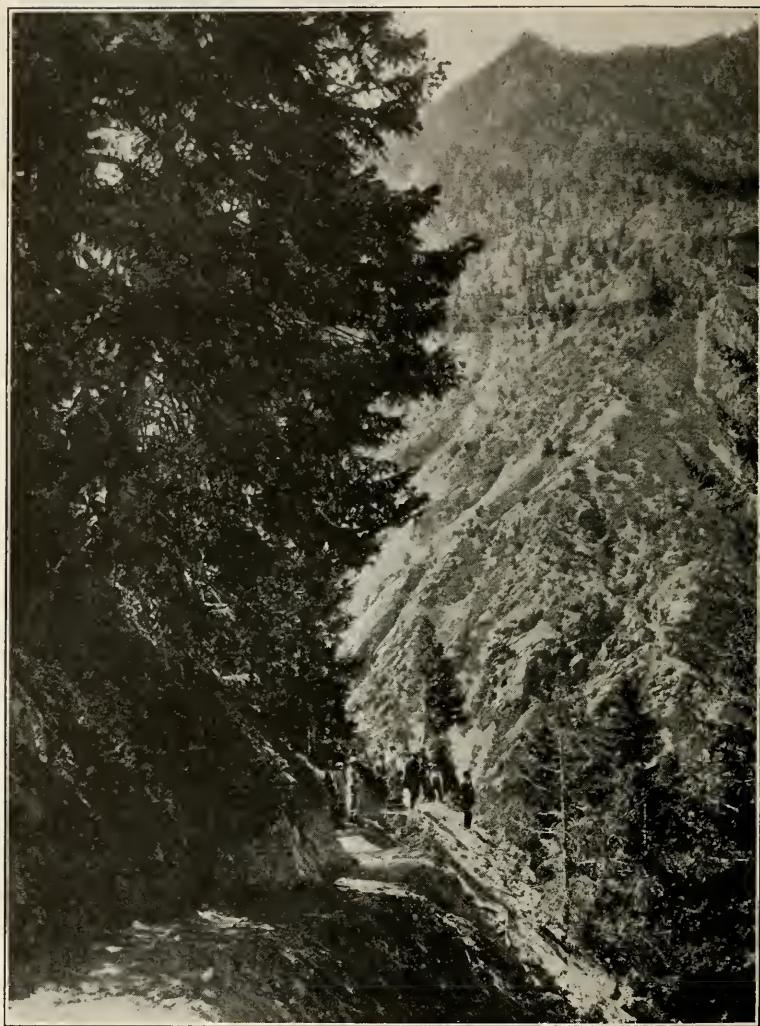


Photo by J. E. Broadus

Trail to Timpanogos Cave, American Fork Canyon

THE TIMPANOGOS CAVE NATIONAL MONUMENT

BY DANA PARKINSON, FOREST SUPERVISOR

[In view of the completion and opening of the Timpanogos highway or Alpine Drive, from American Fork canyon to Provo canyon, Aug. 16, built by the U. S. Forest Service, and Utah county, the following description of the cave and national monument will be of interest. It is made possible now to motor by way of American Fork canyon to and down Provo canyon, under the shadow of Timpanogos, a one-hundred mile trip from Salt Lake City and return, in about four or five hours. From the Ranger Station in American Fork to Provo river is fourteen and one-half miles, and one passes the divide at an altitude of about 9,000 feet. The traffic is regulated, so there will be no trouble in passing cars. The illustrations of the cave and the trail herewith are especially beautiful. The scenery along the route and the new road is unparalleled in attractiveness, and the fullest beauty of the American Fork canyon, the North Fork canyon, and Provo canyon, is laid bare to the tourist.—*Editors.*]

Our superstitions and horrors for the lower regions need no longer haunt us. The secrets of the inside of the earth were wonderfully and beautifully revealed by the recent discovery of Timpanogos Cave.

In 1915 a miner, while prospecting among the precipitous ledges of American Fork canyon, was startled by the cry of his son. The boy climbing along a cliff, felt the loose rock give way and found himself engulfed in a small, dark cavern. The miner investigated and later with candles slid down a long chute just large enough to allow passage of a person prostrate. He entered a mass of caverns with many confusing and puzzling openings. The beauty and uniqueness of the cave soon became apparent and he immediately located it as a mining claim, proposing to keep it secret and later extract and sell the fantastic formations.

The secret was well guarded for 5 years. In 1921, however, due to remarks dropped unwittingly by members of his family, rumors circulated about this wonderful cave. Vearl Manwill, the son of a former Forest Ranger, found the entrance carefully concealed so that an unsuspecting mind could not have detected its presence. A few days later he conducted the Alpine Mountain Club on an exploring expedition. They unwound twine as they progressed through the corridors, to facilitate finding the way back. The intense darkness together with the numerous caverns added to the confusion of one headed anywhere in particular. On the same day, Forest Ranger West and Supervisor Mann of the Wasatch National Forest, following the meager clues obtained from the rumors, found the cave with the Manwill party in it. They immediately set it aside as a Public

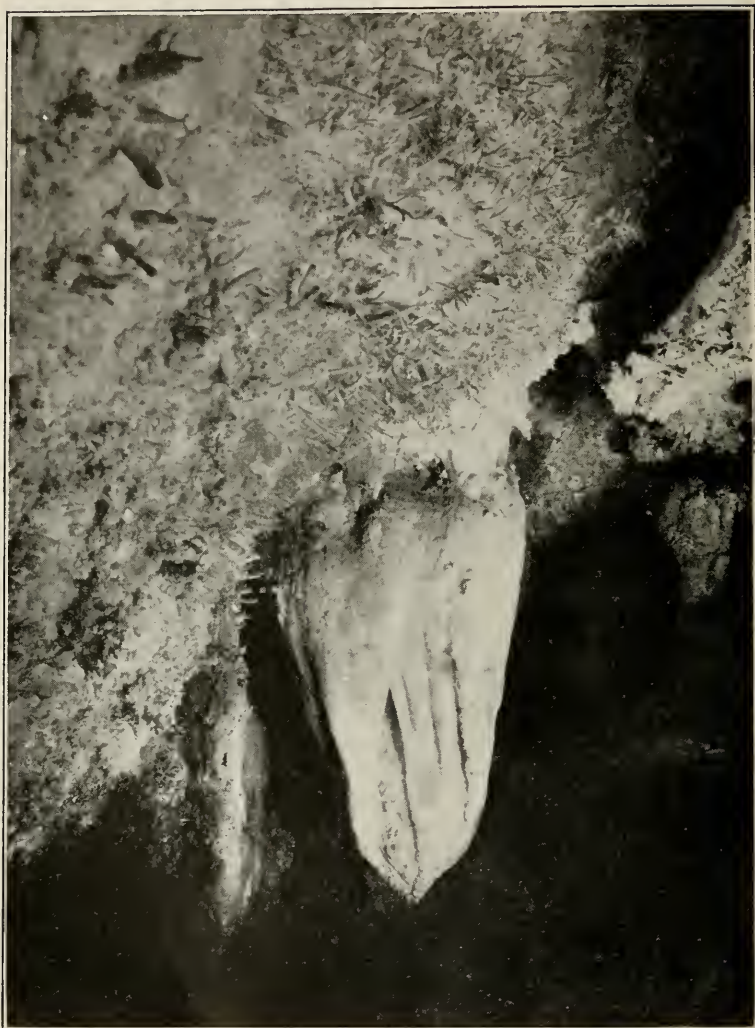


Photo by J. E. Broadus
The Heart of Timpanogos—A Secret of the Inner Earth

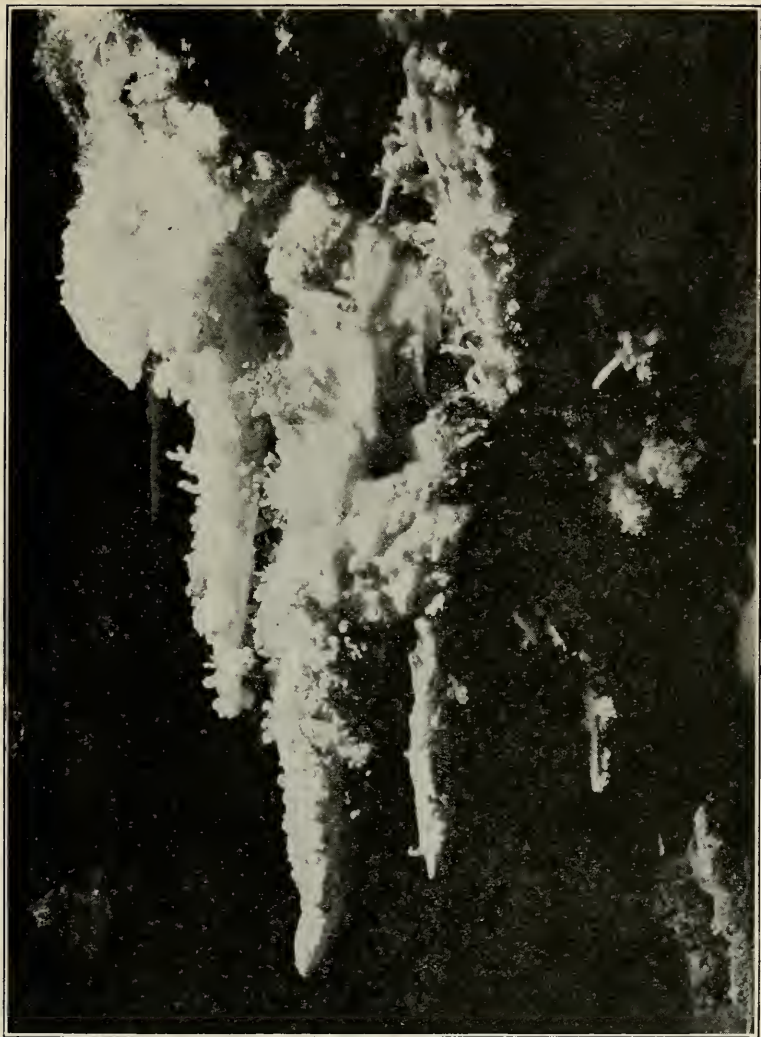


Photo by J. E. Broadus

Surprising and Wonderful Stalactitic Forms in the Cave



Beauty and Uniqueness of the Formations in the Cave

Photo by J. E. Broadus

Service Site, thus preserving it for public enjoyment for all time to come. The mining claims were investigated and found invalid.

A guard was stationed at the entrance to keep all people out until they could be conducted through safely and without injury to the cave. Within a year the local people co-operating with the Forest Service, built a trail, installed electric lights with powerful reflectors, built a beautiful trail through the cliffs and evergreens, made a camp and picnic ground and opened it to the public. Over 10,000 people visited it last year and over 14,000 have visited it this year.

A charge of 50c per adults and 25c for children is made to cover cost of operating. It is managed strictly by a non-commercial organization of public spirited citizens co-operating with the Government and all receipts are devoted to maintaining and developing the cave and camp grounds in vicinity.

Timpanogos Cave is two miles up American Fork Canyon, nine miles from the town of American Fork and forty miles from Salt Lake.

Automobiles are parked at the picnic grounds below the cave. The remainder of the trip is made on foot up the mile of trail winding through the cliffs and firs with an easy grade.

The impressions received by a visit to the cave may best be expressed in the words of a little old lady, 81 years old who repeatedly remarked, "*Oh, my gracious me all over—to think I have lived so long and never seen anything so wonderful.*"

The cave has recently been created a National Monument, by proclamation of President Harding, and the attendance this year is greater than ever. Thousands go in their private cars, and a stage leaves 35 West South Temple, Salt Lake City at 9 a. m. daily.

Information on the cave can be obtained from the U. S. Forest Service, 219 Federal Building.

Salt Lake City, Utah

A DEDICATION

This whole, sweet Sabbath evening fair
 I'll dedicate unto my God in sacred prayer.
 The essence of this Balm of Giliad tree,
 Mingled with lilac's sweet perfumery;
 And these beneath the dome of heaven's soft blue
 Are all of church or incense sacred I would sue.
 How can my low and lonely heart
 Nearer to God aspire?
 How can my chaste and wearied soul
 More holy zeal require?
 Than these so tender thoughts I speed to God this hour
 When Prayer holds me spell-bound within her radiant power?
 Twixt scorning friends and God's companionship I now am forced to choose,
 I well can leave the thoughtless throng, but the love of God I cannot lose.
Belleisle, N. B., Canada *Alan C. Reidpath*

A STUDY OF BOOK OF MORMON TEXTS

BY J. M. SJODAHL

Notes on Significant Words and Phrases

Fiery flying serpents.—In I Nephi 17 we find an address by Nephi, in which the prophet reminds his murmuring brothers of the experiences of Israel in the wilderness when the people rebelled against Moses. "God," he says, "straightened them because of their iniquity. He sent fiery-flying serpents among them."

Special attention should be given to the expression "fiery-flying."

The incident is related in Numbers 21. We read there that Israel, during their wearisome journey, became discouraged and rebellious, whereupon God sent "fiery serpents" among them, and many of the people died of the wounds inflicted by the snakes. Then the sinners repented, and the Lord directed Moses to make a "fiery serpent" and raise it up on a pole, and to proclaim that any sufferer who would look upon the image lifted up should be healed. Moses did as he was commanded. He made a serpent of brass and placed it in a conspicuous place, and those who were stricken could "look and live."

It will be noticed that in the Mosaic narrative the serpents and the image of brass are called "fiery," referring, probably, to their bright color; this would especially be true of the brazen image, which when raised up would reflect the rays of the burning desert sun almost like a highly polished metal mirror. But Nephi refers to them not only as "fiery" but as "fiery-flying."

This expression is also used by Isaiah (14:29). The prophet warned the Philistines not to rejoice because King Uzziah had fallen—"the rod of him that smote thee is broken"—for, he says, "out of the serpent's root shall come forth a cockatrice [or adder] and his fruit shall be a fiery flying serpent;" the meaning of which is that, although King Uzziah was no more, another conqueror would be raised up, viz., King Hezekiah, and he would bring destruction upon Philistia as suddenly and speedily as a fiery flying serpent—by which figure of speech he undoubtedly meant a stroke of lightning. Nephi adopted this expression from Isaiah. (See II Nephi 24:29. Compare II Kings 18:8, where the fulfilment of this prophecy is briefly recorded.)

Now it should be remembered that Isaiah had seen the very image of brass made by Moses in the wilderness, for it was carefully preserved for at least seven hundred years, and Israelites were in the habit of burning incense to it; wherefore King Hezekiah caused it to be

broken to pieces, saying truly that it was only a piece of brass. (II Kings 18:4.) Since Isaiah, in comparing the punishment that was in store for the Philistines with the plague of serpents in the wilderness, referred to those instruments of divine judgment as "fiery" and "flying," it is a safe inference that the brazen image made by Moses was a so-called "winged serpent"—the symbol among the Egyptians and others, of the Almighty as manifested in the dread forces of Nature.

In the conceptions of the Hebrews the flashing lightnings and the rolling thunders were the visible and audible manifestations of the glory, the power, and majesty of Jehovah. When he placed his cherubim on guard at the entrance of the Garden of Eden, he armed them with "a flaming sword which turned every way" (Gen. 3:24); for, "he maketh his angels spirits [or storm-winds]; his ministers a flaming fire." (Ps. 104:4; Heb. 1:7.) When he gave the law on Sinai, his presence was manifested in "thunders and lightnings and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud; so that all the people that were in the camp trembled." (Ex. 19:16.) When the Tabernacle in the wilderness was set up, a "cloud" covered it and "the glory of God" filled it, so that even Moses was unable to enter, (Ex. 40:34) and a similar manifestation was given at the dedication of the temple of Solomon. (I Kings 8:10, 11.) Job (37:3-5) says that the voice of Jehovah is heard "under the whole heaven, and his lightning unto the ends of the earth. After it a voice roareth: he thundereth with the voice of his excellency. * * * God thundereth marvelously with his voice." Similarly, the Psalmist (97:2-6) says, "Clouds and darkness are round about him * * * a fire goeth before him * * * his lightnings enlightened the world * * * the hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord * * * the heavens declare his righteousness, and all the people see his glory." Again, "The voice of the Lord is upon the waters: the God of glory thundereth: the Lord is upon many waters." (Psalm 29:3-5.) In I Sam. 7:10 we are told that Jehovah "thundereth with a great thunder," scattering the Philistines before Israel. In the Revelation by John, the presence of Jehovah is always indicated by, "And out of the throne proceeded lightnings and thunderings and voices," or some similar expression, (Rev. 4:5; 8:5; 10:3; 4; 16:18) and the coming of the Son of man is compared to the lightning. (Matt. 24:27; Luke 17:24.)

All this goes to prove that in the Hebrew mind the presence of Jehovah was indicated by the awe-inspiring forces of Nature in motion. It follows that when it was desirable to represent this Presence in visible form, as in the wilderness, the simplest and most natural way would be to give to the lightning the form of a serpent and to the storm the shape of wings. These two symbols combined would be the "winged serpent," or a flying serpent, and that would be the symbol of the Lord, who, as the Psalmist says, "rode upon a cherub,

and did fly: yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind." (Ps. 18: 10; see also 104:3, 4.) That, then, was the symbolical significance of the flying serpent which Moses lifted up in the wilderness for the salvation of his people. John in the Gospel, expressly tells us so. (John 3:14.)

Let us now consider the remarkable fact that the American Indians in the higher stages of culture had, before the advent of the Europeans, the very same conceptions regarding the meaning of the "fiery-flying serpent" as a symbol, as those entertained by the ancient Hebrews. On this subject I can do no better than to quote from the excellent work of Daniel G. Brinton on *The Myths of the New World*. He says:

"The intimate alliance of this symbol with the mysteries of religion, the darkest riddles of the unknown, is reflected in their language [the Algonquin], and also in that of their neighbors, the Dakotas, in both of which the same words, *manito*, *wakan*, which express the super-natural in its broadest sense, are also used as terms for this species of animals. This strange fact is not without a parallel, for in both Arabic and Hebrew, the word for serpent has many derivatives meaning to have intercourse with demoniac powers, to practice magic, and to consult familiar spirits." (P. 132.)

According to one explanation, lightning is an immense serpent coming from the mouth of Manito. We read again:

"As the emblem of the fertilizing summer showers the lightning serpent was the god of fruitfulness. Born in the atmospheric waters, it was an appropriate attribute of the ruler of the winds. But we have already seen that the winds were often spoken of as great birds. Hence the union of these two emblems in such names as Quetzalcoatl, Gucumatz, Kukulcan, all titles of the god of the air in the languages of Central America, all signifying the 'bird serpent'." (P. 140-1.)

"Frequently, therefore, in the codices and carvings from Mexico and Central America we find the tree of life, in the form of the cross, symbolizing the four cardinal points and their associations, connected with these symbols of the serpent and the bird." (P. 141.)

The central figure of Nahuatl mythology is Quetzalcoatl. The name means, as we have seen, Bird-Serpent, evidently the same as the winged serpent. He is the lord of light and of wind. Dr. Brinton says:

"As the former, he was born of a virgin in the land of Tula or Tlapallan, in the distant Orient, and was High Priest of that happy realm. The morning star was his symbol, and the temple of Cholula was dedicated to him expressly as the author of light."

"In his other character, he was begot of the breath of Tonacateotl, god of our flesh and subsistence, or (according to Gomara) was the son of Iztac Mixcoatl, the white cloud serpent, the spirit of the tornado. His symbols were the bird, the serpent, the cross, and the flint." (pp. 215, 216.)

It is exceedingly interesting to compare the ideas expressed in these venerable myths with the teachings embodied in the Scripture

texts quoted above. That the fiery-flying serpent was the symbol, here as in the Old World, of the Almighty Creator, of Jehovah, wielding the forces of Nature for creative purposes, is, further, clear from the myths concerning the organization of the world. The Athapascas trace their descent from "a mighty bird, whose eyes were fire, whose glances were lightning, and the clapping of whose wings was thunder. On his descent to the ocean, the earth instantly rose and remained on the surface of the water."

It is evident that this is symbolical language, depicting the Creator in the act of organizing matter. As in Genesis the Spirit of God "moved upon the face of the waters," so in this myth "a mighty bird" descends to the ocean, and the earth appears.

The Quiche myth is thus given by Dr. Brinton:

"There were neither men nor brutes; neither birds, fish, nor crabs, stick nor stone, valley nor mountain, stubble nor forest, nothing but the sky. The face of the land was hidden. There was naught but the salient sea and the sky. There was nothing joined, nor any sound, nor thing that stirred; neither any to do evil, nor to rumble in the heavens, nor a walker on foot; only the silent waters, only the Pacific ocean, only it in its calm. Nothing was but stillness; nothing but Maker and Moulder, the Hurler, the Bird-Serpent. In the waters, in a limpid twilight, covered with green feathers, slept the mothers and the fathers." (*Myths of the New World*, p. 229.)

The more this word-picture of the creation is studied, the more striking it appears. Here space, chaos, and the Creator appear on the scene as already existing; then there is water covering the solid portions; then there is twilight, and last we hear of life-givers. And the Creator is said to be the "Maker," the "Moulder," the "Hurler"—referring to the thunder—and the "Bird-Serpent,"—the Hebrew Jehovah.

According to the Mixtecs, by the efforts of two winds, called from astrological associations, that of Nine Serpents and that of Nine Caverns, personified, one as a bird and the other as a winged serpent, the waters subsided and the land dried. (*Myths of the New World*, p. 230.)

The question now naturally arises, Whence did the aborigines of America obtain the ideas and conceptions embodied in these and similar myths, so closely resembling revelations preserved in the sacred records?

To those "profound" philosophers who can find no evidence either in Nature or in history of a personal God, a Creator and Ruler, it seems a reasonable supposition that the various races of men just "grewed," like Topsy, in America, Europe, Asia, Africa, etc., each type independent of the others; also, that their ideas of the creation and moral government of the world developed from independent but similar beginnings along similar lines in the various parts of the earth. This they regard as a satisfactory explanation of the similarity observed. But this class is growing smaller. The majority of intelli-

gent students agree with Mr. Fiske, who, speaking of Aryan myths and legends, says:

"There is indeed no alternative for us but to admit that these fire-side tales have been handed down from parent to child for more than a hundred generations. * * * Only such community of origin can explain the community in character between the stories told by the Aryan's descendants, from the jungles of Ceylon to the highlands of Scotland." (*Myths and Myth-Makers*, p. 14.)

This observation cannot but be equally true of traditions common to the descendants of Shem, from the plains of Shinar to the plateau of Mexico or the mountain valleys of Peru.

The Book of Mormon offers the only plausible, or, indeed, the only possible, explanation of the evident connection between the old Indian cosmogonies and symbols and the ancient Hebrew ideas which were the children of divine revelation. It shows us just how those ideas came from the "Old World" to the "New."

It is not maintained that the Indian myths are identical with teachings imparted to the ancestors of the race by the outstanding characters in the Book of Mormon, in the sense that they have been preserved without material change since the sacred volume was completed and sealed up. On the contrary, the changes are numerous and radical. In the "Old World" the teachings of our Savior were so altered in the course of a few centuries that many of them lost their main features entirely; similarly, the ordinances were changed until no longer recognizable as Christian. Yet, we trace them historically to the sacred Scriptures and our Lord. In the "New World," similar changes in both doctrine and practice took place in the course of centuries. And yet, there is an underlying stratum, however thin and broken it may be, that enables us to trace their historical origin to the sacred Scriptures, through the invaluable records preserved in the Book of Mormon. Let me emphasize this important statement of a fact by repeating it in a somewhat different form. The existence of the Jews, their religious beliefs and rites, although in many respects radically different from those of the early Mosaic dispensation, prove the truth of the story of the Old Testament. The theology of the Roman church and her branches, and their ecclesiastical structures, notwithstanding all their variations and unscriptural absurdities, prove that the story of the New Testament is true. In the same way, many Indian myths and legends, social conditions and religious ideas prove conclusively that the story which the Book of Mormon tells is true.

(*To be continued*)

FLOODS AND WHAT THEY MEAN

BY GEORGE STEWART, AGRONOMIST, UTAH AGRICULTURAL
EXPERIMENT STATION

Everybody who has passed through Farmington or Willard since mid-August knows that a flood is a disaster. There are three painful results from this sort of happening: (1) destruction of life, (2) destruction of property, and (3) destruction of personal or community pride and ambition. All three aspects were clearly visible in the recent flood.

Most appalling of all was the destruction of life. Newspapers have covered so completely this horrible aspect of the recent catastrophe that practically everybody knows the details. A general statement that a dozen persons were killed by flood, by fire, or by coal damp moves us, but it does not stir us to actual realization until calamity visits our own friends or relatives. Probably half the people who shall read this article were acquainted with the families of at least one of those whose life was lost. In the end, however, we are most deeply touched by the troubles near at hand.

Thus, the recent flood has a new and personal meaning to the people of Utah.

The second result of floods, the destruction of property, is by no means insignificant. Governor Mabey called for subscriptions amounting to \$75,000 and recommended that this money be distributed in the proportion of two-thirds for Willard and one-third for Farmington. I visited the damaged district at Farmington five days after the flood and felt convinced that \$25,000 would not cover more than 40 per cent, possibly not more than 30 per cent, of the property damage alone.

In Farmington there were six homes badly damaged of which the Ford home is probably fairly typical. The house faced squarely against the flood front as it poured out of a ravine. The fences were carried down the field, the lawn buried under six or eight feet of debris, and the porch filled with gravel and mud. I saw a wrecking crew salvaging a phonograph, upholstered couch and chairs. They also carried out book cases and bed springs through a hole in the front wall. The piano was to come next. It had been completely immersed, save about six inches of the upright top, for 120 hours. Now, water loosens glue and rusts fine wire to such an extent that the piano must have been a discouraging sight when it was finally lifted to dry air.

Another house on the north edge of town was undermined on one side and half of it carried away. The other half was left with the lean-to part of the roof extending as if to embrace the absent member. A woman of the most dejected appearance sat near a



Upper: Ford Home, Farmington, Five Days After the Flood
Lower: On the Ford Property, Fence Moved 40 Rods Down the Field. A Hay Rack, Farm Wagon, and an Automobile, Were Washed Down and Nearly Buried. Note that the Hay Stack Has Been Split into Three Parts.

corner of the remnant. It was indeed a pitiful sight; but the worst was over. Just in front of the lot on the main Salt Lake-Ogden highway had been previously found the body of Mrs. Wright, who with her husband had been camping in Farmington canyon. Right here had passed one of the great currents. The debris deposit was not great for rock had been dropped above at the mouth of the canyon and the mud had been carried down to lower land. Altogether, about 170 acres of farming land was covered, of which 65 acres was so heavily strewn with immense boulders and buried so deeply as to be irreclaimable. Considerable of these 65 acres was high-priced truck and orchard land, and varied in value from \$200 to \$500 an acre, besides the growing crop. In two or three cases, bearing orchards were almost completely destroyed, one on the Rice homestead being half buried, that is, many of the lower branches as well as the tree trunks were covered.

Besides the boulder-strewn area, 105 acres were spread over with mud varying in depth from 3 feet to a few inches. When I walked across these fields, the mud was just beginning to dry. It was then apparent that it consisted of gravel, sand and clay mixed in all sorts of proportions but so entirely lacking in organic matter as to be of very low crop-producing value. The most optimistic agriculturist could not possibly anticipate, where this debris was deep, that less than from four to five years would restore it to anything like its previous yielding power. Much of this land will not in this generation grow the crops it once did. The farmers who are in the trucking business will find an immense difference between the black loam of last summer and the inert gravel, sand, and clay of next. Of course, on many acres, the flood blanket is so shallow that it can all be turned under at the first plowing. Here the damage to land, is much less than where the fertile previous surface cannot be reached with the plow.

At Willard, twenty homes were injured and probably twice as much land as in Farmington. Certainly the boulder-strewn area of farming land is more than twice as large, though the total outwash of Farmington creek was considerably greater. It merely happened that most of the boulders were deposited before the flood reached the productive land and the town.

Then there is the loss of this year's crop. Orchards partly destroyed and corn half buried are common. What about the onions, head lettuce, and celery that were promising to relieve in part the financial stringency that all farm operators are experiencing? With even hope gone, is it any wonder that discouragement prevails? Here is a problem that a man cannot solve for himself.

Torrents Have Great Carrying Power

Often the landscape itself is scarred beyond repair. A great tract of boulders such as spread across Willard cannot be moved. They



Upper: Acres of Good Farming Land Were Covered With Sand and Clay Mud, Six Inches to Four Feet Deep. Cracks Were Developing Before it Was Dry, Indicating the Poor Character of the Soil.

Lower: One-Half of This House Was Carried Away. No Wonder the Owners are Discouraged. Note That Sightseers Are Frequent.

will remain naked and unlovely for years and years. In a short time the fences will be replaced, the houses and barns repaired or removed, but gigantic boulders weighing tons will remain. A rock six feet long and four feet through will contain approximately 60 to 70 cubic feet, each of which weighs about 150 pounds, making a total weight of about 10,000 pounds or 5 tons. Many of the boulders around Willard and east of Farmington are much larger than this. There are thousands and thousands of smaller rock, to remove, which would cost at least twenty times the agricultural value of the land. In an acre there are 4,840 square yards. Assuming the debris to be sand and dirt and only 3 feet deep, it would cost about \$4,000 to \$5,000 to clear an acre, even if there were any place to pile it. Heavy rock would cost several times as much to move as sand and dirt; moreover, considerable areas are covered four to six or more feet.

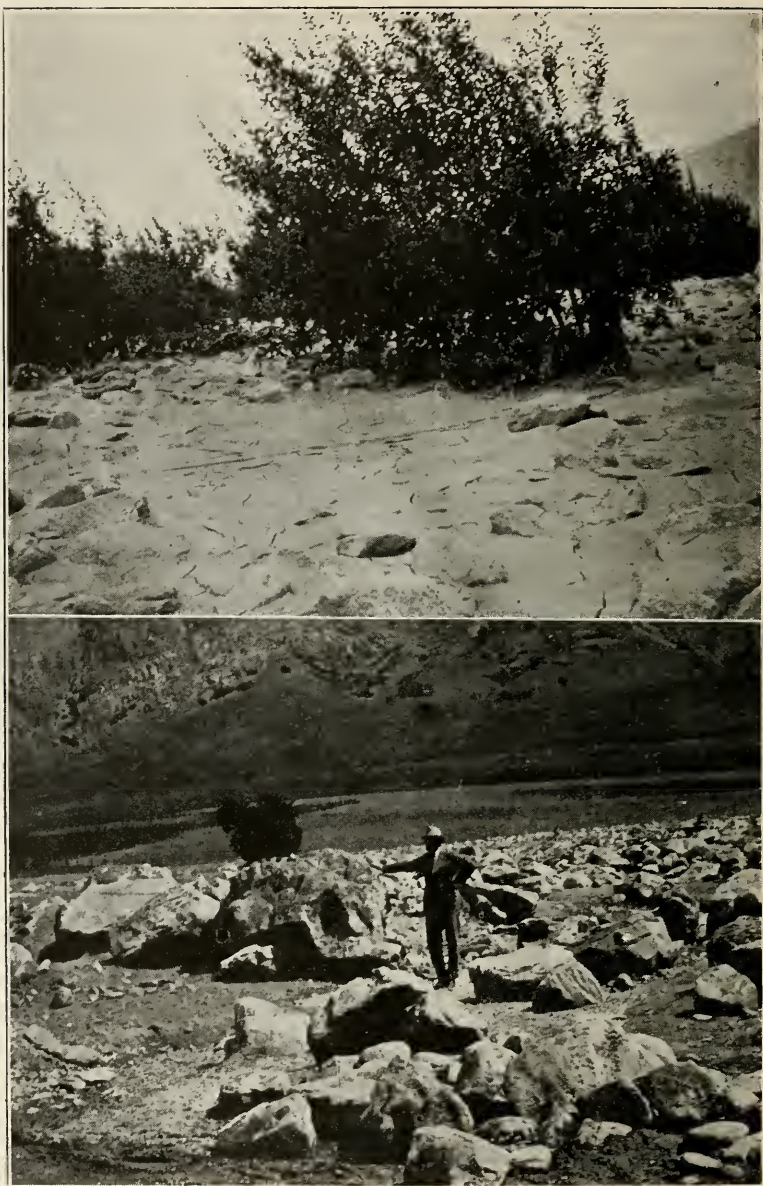
Many times persons not acquainted with such things wonder how boulders get far out into the valley. I have heard men contend that there must have been a great eruption or that a tremendous river once filled the region. It is now clear to all who have seen the deluged areas, that a comparatively small amount of water can move objects weighing many tons if it merely happens to collect under the right circumstances,—a heavy shower, too rapid to be absorbed by the soil; a gully with a steep slope; and a storm duration of an hour or so, sometimes of only a few minutes. Water collects in mass and moves down hill with great velocity.

When a stream of water doubles its rate of flow, it increases its carrying capacity sixty-four times; let the velocity be increased by three times and its carrying power is increased by 729 times. The carrying power of a stream varies with the sixth power of its velocity. With the velocity at 5 feet a second water can carry gravel weighing 15,625 times as much as the silt particles it can move when flowing at the rate of one foot a second. When a flood rushes down a slope at 20 feet a second, rocks half as large as a load of hay can be scooted along, sometimes a mile or two from the mouth of the canyon—as far, in fact, as the velocity and depth are maintained. Out beyond the boulders comes the coarse gravel, sand, and silt. Usually these are mixed and not only reach far out beyond the rock debris but fill in among the coarser material, as the subsiding storm permits the water volume to decrease.

Cause of Floods

The cause of floods and the likelihood of their recurrence are interesting problems just now and they will continue to be interesting, for the flood menace remains with us. In order to understand the problems, floods must be grouped into two classes: (1) those that are the malady itself, and (2) those that are a mere symptom of another malady, deep-seated and pernicious.

There have always been floods of the first class and there al-



Upper: Orchard Half Buried, Farmington (the Rice Property)
Lower: A Boulder-Strewn Area at Willard

ways will be. On a steep mountain front, such for example as that which faces westward along the Wasatch range from Salt Lake City to beyond Brigham, it is only the larger streams that have developed water courses which are longer and deeper than mere ravines. When heavy electric storms converge in a single locality and strike the mountain front, there frequently occurs a terrific downpour, popularly known as a "cloudburst." Except in the well developed stream valleys, the slope is too steep, the soil too shallow and the plant covering too sparse to hold the raindrops long enough to permit their sinking into the ground. As a consequence, the accumulating water runs first as tiny rills, and then as streams into the main gully where a torrent forms. A flood is merely such a body of water as this that is greater in size than ordinary. As long as the volume does not exceed that occasionally reached, the water remains in its former track and does no harm. When it gathers strength enough "to fly the track" then land used for other purposes is appropriated for a stream bed. Every boulder-lined ridge from North Salt Lake to Brigham was thrown out in this manner and is in reality an alluvial fan. More will be added as time goes on; they are inevitable. While they cannot be prevented, they may be mitigated as will be seen in the discussion of those floods that are a symptom of broken-down watersheds.

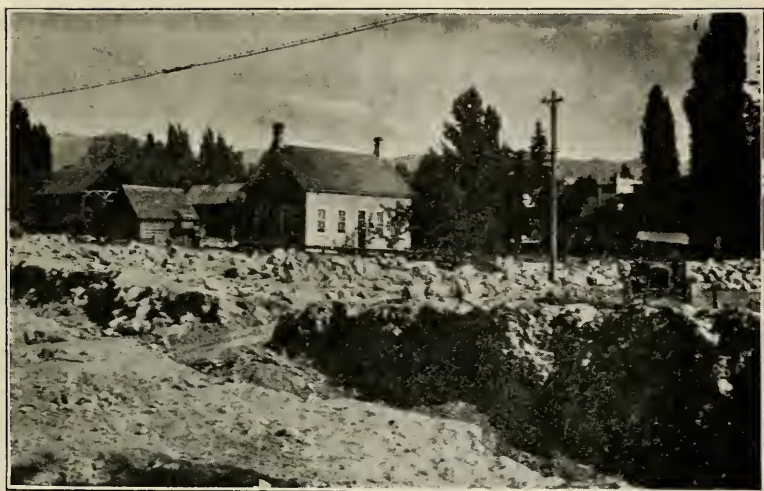
Throughout all geological ages high lands have been eroded; throughout all ages yet to come they will continue to move downward. When this movement is rapid, settlement is difficult and precarious. Fortunately, however, habitable lands usually have watersheds that wear away at a rate sufficiently slow to permit the streams to dispose of the debris and to permit grasses, shrubs, and trees to maintain their footing, or "plant cover" as it is called. In such a region, streams flow muddy from surface run-off at "high water" season but are supplied entirely from springs during the remainder of the year.

On the mountains east of Sanpete valley, there has been conducted a set of careful long-time experiments on flood control. Manti, Ephraim and Mt. Pleasant have all had floods nearly as bad as the recent one. In 1918, I visited the U. S. Forest Service Experiment Station in Ephraim canyon, where among other investigations, soil erosion and water run-off received attention. Near the top of the mountain was a station known as Alpine, on account of its elevation. At this station was a cement-lined, two-roomed cellar-like structure covered with a wooden roof. Into the upper end of this led a small gully that caught all the drainage water from a ten-acre tract of range pasture land. During a storm the surface run-off poured into the first cellar compartment. This, when filled, overflowed into the next and was there retained. The sediment settled and was sluiced out after being computed carefully in cubic feet. There is another plat of similar location, vegetation, and drainage. Its settling tank was placed so as to catch the drainage from exactly ten acres. The two areas, designated as A and B were similar in all respects except that



Upper: Edge of the Mud. Grain Shocks Not Touched and Others Nearly Buried Are Visible.

Lower: A Damaged Barn at Willard. This Land Cannot be Cleaned Again for Farming; it is Almost a Total Loss.



Mt. Pleasant, July, 1918. Damaged by Flood the Month Before.
Over-grazing Was the Cause of this Trouble.

B had a better plant cover than A which had begun to erode, and had consequently developed a V-shaped gully. Plat A also lacked in sod which has been broken through by heavy grazing, and also in leaf-mold which had been scooted off by the torrential rains as soon as the gullies developed as a result of injury in the plant cover due to heavy grazing. Plat B had retained most of its plant cover and decayed vegetable matter.

A cabin located midway between the two areas served as a physical station and as headquarters for an employee who looked after the rain gauges (two on each area), measured the eroded soil, and cleaned the settling tanks after storms. Although both plats had the same exposure, the rainfall on A and B differed considerably for any given storm but not for the year. During the summer months of 1915 for example, only one storm produced run-off. On July 21, the plat that had begun to erode received 0.70 and 0.71 inches in its two gauges whereas the other plat which still bore its sod cover received 1.48 and 1.38 inches in its two respective gauges. In spite of the fact that the over-grazed plat received only one half as much rainfall as did the other during the 65 minutes of storm, its run-off was 3,019 cubic feet of water which carried 717 cubic feet of sediment as compared to 335 cubic feet of water and 94 cubic feet of sediment from the plat that was only slightly eroded.

Two days later, when Mr. Veach, a soil specialist, gave a demonstration to the visiting rangers, I saw him dig through five inches of beautiful black leaf-mold and about a foot of friable soil to a heavy, impervious hard-pan. This was on the non-eroded area, whereas on the eroded plat only the impervious clay remained, the black mold and the friable soil having been previously carried away. In the first

spot, grass roots held the mold and soil firmly in place. This porous surface readily absorbed the rain and allowed it to percolate into the soil where it could come in contact with the plant roots. Once the sod was broken through, rills developed and the surface mold was washed down the canyon.

But even an eroding range will gradually recover if grazing is discontinued or properly controlled. Manti canyon, a few miles to the southward, may be taken as an example. Floods had occurred in 1888, 1889, 1893, 1896, 1901, 1906, 1908, 1909 and 1910. No serious flood is reported previous to 1889. Sheep grazing had begun in the section five or six years before and had gradually reduced the vegetative cover until the flood of 1888 broke through and developed gullies. Thereafter, deluges were frequent until all stock was excluded for the five-year period from 1904 to 1909 during which time the plants recovered sufficiently to absorb most of the water that caused the flood of August, 1909. Manti canyon was barely flooded whereas Ephraim and Six-mile canyons in the path of the same storm and receiving the same amount of rainfall were seriously eroded. Great quantities of soil and rock were thrown out into the valley, completely ruining some farms. Mt. Pleasant had the same experience in June, 1918. Canyons under protection, that is, where grazing was controlled, were not flooded but the continuously grazed canyon of Mt. Pleasant poured a river of water, mud, and stone right into the town and across apple orchards and fields of alfalfa, grain, and blue grass. A gully from three to twenty feet deep was ripped right through town and across some of the best land of the section and stones or mud piled on it until it had to be abandoned for crop growing.

Though grazing control and timber management can not prevent all floods, they might eliminate most of them and materially decrease the power of those they cannot prevent.

In conclusion, it is only fair to say that most of our floods are the result of short-sighted management of water sheds. We have "mined" the logging timber; sheep and cattle have been allowed to graze in a manner destructive of the plant cover; fires have swept bare whole sections; and well-meaning citizens have cut away the aspens, maple and oak for firewood without knowing how to insure another crop. We are now being punished by our sins, and repentance is not individual.

One of the greatest problems, if not the very greatest, that every state in the West is called on to solve is the proper management of its water sheds. We must use the forage produced but we ought not endanger our foothill towns and farming land, and even the grazing industry itself, by continued unwisdom. This calls for intelligent group action. Let us hope that a leader, when he appears, will not cry as a voice in the wilderness.

Logan, Utah

AUTUMN IN THE WASATCH

A million times hath Autumn trod these hills,
Comes now once more and brings its mellow light,
Resplendent dwells in canyon and on height
Each hollow wild and glen with glory fills.

The wooded clefts to streams of splendor turn,
On slopes and ledges, on the grim rocks cold,
The distant aspens shine like clouds of gold,
In transient crimsons now the maples burn.

Beside the waters gleam the transformed leaves,
Like gorgeous tapestry the mountains glow,
The Autumn sun looks on the splendid show,
Its garb of beauty now October weaves.

A solemn whisper in the wind one hears,
The cheek is touched as with a passing breath;
In this wide rapture still one learns of death,
The vanished splendor of the countless years.

Yea, thus the hills hath glowed a million times,
The birch and oak been steeped in richest dyes,
The mountain wind hath sighed as now it sighs,
And dying leaves been touched with Autumn rimes.

Ah, clouds of gray will soon these bright skies throng,
The drifting leaves be all this beauty's sum;
Yet, life to death, as death to life shall come,
O, let the soul seek life to find its song!

—ALFRED LAMBOURNE.

THE BETTER WAY

BY ELONA G. HILLYARD

She was waiting, watching, too, perhaps, for she gazed intently at the long road as it stretched westward, then seemed to meet and blend itself with the glowing colors of the sunset. Thanksgiving eve, yes; all fathers, mothers and children waited in hopeful expectance for the home-coming. Even the giant forms of the mighty trees seemed waiting as they drew themselves proudly up and cast their dark shadows on the crimson glow. A blue haze, brightened with red here and there, covered the hill-tops on the east and painted fairy pictures on the ermine snow. Here and there smoke gushed forth from the huge chimneys and went whirling in the air, in various shapes and sizes. A crisp breeze fanned the air and made the girl unconsciously draw her wrap more closely around her shoulders.

But the glories of the western sky were lost to this girl of scarcely twenty years. She was waiting for someone's return and listening—listening to the strains of music that reached her from across the way. It was a song, one she knew and loved well. Today it seemed to her the author must have written it for her. Strangely she followed closely the words of the song to the close:

“That you'll be through life
A good, true wife, dear,
Just as your mother was.”

She compared them to words which had been said to her so recently. Only yesterday she had looked upon a scene equally as beautiful as the one nature had now pointed for her. She had said goodbye then to an old life, one in which she had known both joy and sorrow, until love had bidden her leave it for a greater life. With the dawn of the morn she had gone with the one she had accepted as her mate, to the holy temple of the Lord. She recalled the wonderful blessings and privileges which they had known, far greater than any others on earth. Upon leaving the temple they had walked side by side down the path to a little cottage, entered the place that was to mean so much to them both, and passed over the threshold to their home. How strangely that bit of knowledge thrilled their hearts.

A dainty little wedding dinner alone, prepared by the artful, experienced hands of the little mistress! The happy moment when she had bowed her head in silence while the man, her husband, had thanked the Lord for the generous fare that had been prepared for their use.

She was glad, very glad, Dave believed in all these various commandments which God had given to man. Some people had advised

her that he was not religious enough to be a member of the Church. She understood what they meant, of course, but they were wrong. She had never, in the short six months she had known him, heard him speak with less than a deep reverence for Deity, a high regard for strict morality, an earnest endeavor to be honest in his dealings with his fellow-men. He had gone to church with her several times, and before he went to war she was told he had been an ardent worker in the ward wherein he resided. He lived up to the Word of Wisdom as it had been taught, obeyed the law of tithing, and had that day taken the first step toward the fulfilment of the great commandment God had given to all His children.

They were mistaken, she thought. Once more the glory of it all filled her thoughts and she bent her head while she whispered, "Father in heaven, help me to be a true and faithful wife."

Footsteps sounded, and she was aroused quickly from her reverie. She had not waited in vain. Her husband was coming up the steps.

"What luck, Dave?" She greeted him with a smile.

"Fine," he returned, his face beaming with unconscious joy as he held his pretty young wife tightly in his arms and kissed her fondly. "Now come in out of the cold."

"Don't you think we have the nicest home?" she asked again, while they laughed together for pure joy.

Seated by the cozy fire in the dining room, Betty Sheldon said: "Now, tell me all about it, Dave, please, I'm really anxious."

"Well, I have accepted the job. It's much better than the one I now have, and more money, too. Mr. John thought I might be able to make as much as two-hundred twenty-five dollars some months. I have to leave with the truck at 7:30 every morning and will probably be home by 5:30 or 6:00 in the evening. Isn't that dandy? It can't be compared to these fellows who make so much money they can't count it, but you didn't happen to marry that kind, did you, Betty?"

"Not if I believe you," she laughed, "and I guess it is too late to change now."

"That's my one consolation of course," he offered. "Every-day—" he began.

"Except Sunday," his wife added.

"No," he said, shaking his head a little, "every day. We fellows who work for wages can't stop to consider little things. Business is business. If it says, 'go on Sunday,' we go, same as if it were any other day. If we have money we're all right, if we haven't we can't get anywhere. That's the whole story."

"No, it isn't," Betty argued, as one in a trance, "I don't want you to change jobs if you have to work on Sunday. Fifty or seventy-five dollars don't pay for what you're losing by not attending to your Church duties."

"Now, Betty, don't talk that way, you can go just the same, and besides, it doesn't matter much if I don't go. I'd rather not. I despise listening to men who preach wonderful sermons on Sunday and then take every possible advantage of their neighbor the next day."

"That isn't our religion, Dave. The gospel doesn't teach that doctrine. Just remember, no man is perfect, that each of us must pay for the wrong we do. Look at the wonderful principles in the Church, not at the actions of its members. We are not judges."

"Quite right, dear, but don't you know we can't all see things that way. Over in France, in the army, for instance, Betty, I had friends, pals who would give their life for you, but weren't members of our Church, some didn't belong to any church, yet they were more honest than some in our own Church."

"I don't doubt it, there are good men in other churches, sincere, too. Now listen, that same man you admired if he knew the better way, understood the true principles of the gospel, the right plan of salvation for mankind, he would live them, don't you think? That would make him even better."

David Sheldon smiled while he listened to his wife, then he gave her his final decision on the subject.

"If we were all perfect, your idea would be fine, I guess, but right now we must think of our conditions, financially. I have accepted the job and mean to stay with it. So let's say nothing more about it. We'll have some nice long evenings together anyway."

Betty said no more, realizing that anything she might say would avail her nothing. How she had planned on them continuing their Church work together, studying over the various lessons and discussing the different topics that might arise! Now she must face them alone, do her best anyway!

During the evening several friends stepped in to wish them much happiness and success in their new life. Through it all Betty maintained that same cheery smile her friends had known and loved so well, while Dave with ready wit and natural good humor made a splendid host. When the friends finally departed, they left feeling even more a spirit of "Peace on earth, good will toward man."

Betty lingered in the hallway, after the goodbyes had been said. The conversation earlier in the evening was again recalled to her mind and with it the last request her father had made of her.

"Remember to pray always, my child, both of you pray together. It is the only way to live in perfect harmony. Ask God to teach you how to love each other, how to live in accordance with His will."

"Did Dave pray?" she wondered. Softly she entered the room. He was sitting before the fire, watching the blaze play on the large logs in the fireplace. She loved him, this man, in a different way

than any other she knew. Such wavy dark hair, with bright dark eyes to match, clean-cut features—how handsome he was! Hers? She thrilled with a conscious pride. Then she approached slowly and laid one little hand lovingly on the dark head.

"Thinking dear?" she asked.

"Yes," was the answer, "painting pictures. Can you see them?"

"Some of them, I believe," was the quiet answer. "You must tell me the ones I can't see." He did not answer. When Betty again broke the silence, it was to ask, "Dave, do you pray?"

Again he did not reply, but his eyes met those of his wife. In her's there lingered a pleading, in his reigned a quiet reserve. "Would you like to hear a story?" Gently he drew her down beside him, as he began: "When Tom and I were just little fellows, we were playing outside one cold evening, something like tonight. Mother asked us both to come in so we wouldn't take cold. Tom started to obey, but I coaxed him until he stayed too. When we finally went in we were almost frozen. Next day Tom had a dreadful cold and it soon turned to pneumonia. He grew worse and worse until we thought he would die. Oh, how I prayed that he might be spared. I had truly repented of disobeying mother and I asked God to forgive me and let my little brother live. Next morning he was cold and stiff and a little mound in the cemetery marked the only answer to my prayer. Mother talked to me a great deal about it. She said that I had been forgiven, and it was only because Tommy was wanted that he was taken away. So, with her assurance, I still tried to pray. Two years later father was seriously injured in a mine explosion. He was brought home unconscious. We called in the elders, and we all prayed, but he, too, left us. It was pretty hard to believe in prayer after that, Betty, but once more mother helped me believe it was his will and I did.

"Then, dear, a year ago when the influenza first broke out mother became one of its victims and even though we all exercised all the faith we possessed, she died, too. Since then I have been unable to pray or to take very much interest in anything to care whether I kept the Sabbath day holy or any of these other commandments. I can't believe God cares whether we pray or not. He wants us to live honest lives, do as we think best, he doesn't have time to think of all these little things, though big they seem to us. Some people say and think their prayers are answered, mine never have been. If he answers yours, pray to him, I can't care much about any of it any more. You understand, don't you?"

In the days following Dave thought a great deal of the events of the first day of their marriage. He realized that Betty was very much disappointed in him, but felt he could not remedy it. He would be all he could to her to make up for those things he was not, and

felt he could never be again. He reasoned that prayer is an understanding between God and man, not man and wife.

Dave's attitude only lent Betty a more fervent determination to live up to those principles she had been taught. She had not known the loss of a father and mother, but she knew the loss of both brothers and sisters. She did not feel to blame Dave, only to wish and pray that God would help him to understand his will more fully. She prayed constantly that she might be faithful, so she could help him.

The winter passed rapidly, and the hours that would otherwise have been lonesome for Betty were filled with religious obligations. Dave whose main inspiration had always been in mechanics, enjoyed his work. It did not tire him and the few dull hours were always brightened with the thoughts of the little home and the cheerful little wife who awaited his return. With the coming of the birds and flowers a sweet little stranger announced his intentions of coming to visit them. The days following were busy ones for the little wife and the evenings were spent in joyful anticipation of the future. So passed the hot summer days, and the chilling days of autumn came once more. And so came a day when the truck driver did not go on his usual journey, but became an anxious watcher beside the white bed where his wife lay quiet and still. Somewhat in fear, he followed good old "Doctor Dick" to the door of the room. Closing the door softly the old man laid a comforting hand on the young man's shoulders.

"Don't take it so hard, my boy, things may be all right, the nurse will send for me when necessary," then he was gone.

"Again?" he asked himself, "Does the only precious gift I yet possess lie so near the door of Shadow Valley?" What could he do? Pray? "No," came the answer, "it would be only in vain!"

All that day and the coming night she lay unconscious, sometimes quiet, scarcely breathing, sometimes raving in delirium. Near the dawn of the day "Doctor Dick" was again summoned and the following hours were years of torture to Dave. And with the first cry the little stranger uttered, the young father felt his heart would break. More than ever he felt the added responsibility that was his, and the still greater need for his companion. He left the baby at a motion from "Doctor Dick." The now looked-for recovery seemed impossible. The little mother grew worse and before long it seemed her life was ebbing fast away.

In despair he fled from the room, and in the darkness of the night, paced back and forth on the porch. His face burned, his throat was hard and dry. Only a year ago—their wedding day. As one in a dream he heard his wife's voice, "Don't you pray, Dave?"

"O, God, forgive me!" he pleaded. "Please don't take her away, we need her so much!" He had scarcely finished when the

door opened and "Doctor Dick" was by him, "Come, quickly," he muttered.

Blindly Dave followed, anxiously he leaned over the bed. The eyes were open, clear and beautiful, shining with a new light. She was smiling. Dave looked at "Doctor Dick," then at her again. He caught the little white hand and pressed it fondly.

"Dave!" she whispered in a voice that uttered all she would say. He bowed his head, tears of joy filled the dark eyes while in his heart he knew he had learned "The Better Way."

Songs and prayers arose from many homes and hearts, but none were more earnestly sincere than the prayer of thanksgiving that arose from the heart and home of Dave Sheldon.

Auburn, Wyoming

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE

Up, arise in your strength, Zion's children,

And work with your zeal and your might

To uphold and sustain, by right living,

The standard of virtue and right.

The ensign of God to the nations

Has been raised by our parents so true;

Let us rally, and bear it with honor,

Let's not shirk though our numbers be few.

They had standards so high and so holy,

Which they've worked all their lives to attain;

Though with poverty, sickness and exile

Their efforts have not been in vain.

But their days on this earth now are numbered,

They'll be called to a holier sphere,

And their children must then bear the burdens,

Uphold truths to their parents so dear.

Then be honest to God, and your neighbor,

Have faith, hope and charity, too;

Seek knowledge by prayer and by study,

Be diligent, patient and true.

Be virtuous, loving and tender;

Be temperate, active, sincere;

By pure lives, may you e'er Zion's children

Teach the truths of the gospel so dear.

Mesa, Arizona

Ethel R. Lillywhite

"THE WORLD'S A STAGE—"

BY JAMES SICKLES HART

"NO."

And to further emphasize his already very emphatic negative, Mr. Henderson banged his huge fist against the desk in such a manner that his dejected listener could not mistake the note of finality.

"Furthermore," Mr. Henderson added, by way of explanation, "You are incapable of handling a part of this kind."

I have—" the man addressed started to protest.

"I don't care what you have done—you can't have this part! Frankly, I can't see why you should wish to change—you have been doing these comedy parts so long that—"

"That's just it, Mr. Henderson," his listener cried out in agony of one helplessly doomed to an ignominious fate, "I want to play just one part—oh, I can't explain it to you—but one wherein I can be my natural self. Think of the irony of it—within me beats the tragic heart of a Hamlet—and I am forced to be a Touchstone! Why, if I were to die out there on the stage some night—those gibbering idiots out in front would applaud and laugh at my death struggles! Can't you see—can't you—WON'T you understand what I mean?" he pleaded shaken and white-lipped from the tempestuous appeal he had made.

Mr. Henderson smiled as if greatly amused.

"H'm, so, Happy, you want to jump from Hooligan to Hamlet? Quite a step from the ridiculous—don't you think? Think how the people would laugh if over their coffee they should read—"*Ed Morgan—Famous Comedian Aspires to Play Serious Roles!*" The public might accept Chaplin as Romeo but YOU as Hamlet NEVER! Come now, Ed, be reasonable—you're the best man in your class today—but—*stay in your class!*"

With this bit of well meant advice, the big producer turned his attention to some papers on the desk, signifying that the interview was over, and the old actor's lips trembling from suppressed disappointment sadly withdrew.

Now "old actor" is hardly fair to Ed, for "Dad," as he is affectionately called by all the folks backstage, is not yet forty. But he had been in the business so long before the younger actors had even left grammar school, that he was looked upon as authority on the many subjects that arise on the other side of the footlights, hence the name of "DAD."

A gorgeous chandelier, with its swaying thousands of opalescent crystals glittering and scintillating with color, much as an Esquimaux village of ice igloos in the Northern Lights might, suffused the

room with a languorous, mystic radiance. The air was filled with a swirling haze of oriental incense, which, as it curled lazily upward, caused fantastic shadows to dance upon the walls and floor. Somewhere in the great house a fountain splashed and gurgled merrily, while at the foot of the grand stairs, ankle deep in costly Persian master-craft, a palm swung gracefully to and fro in a gentle zephyr that whiffed playfully through the open windows. At the head of the stairs, poised lightly, as for flight, the mistress of the Mansion stood, smiling, well pleased with the delightful picture that spread itself before her—as if waiting her inspection and approval. Gathering her shimmering train in one beautiful white hand, she started to descend daintily—

"Mary Ann! Stop that there fool play actin' an' git them stairs cleaned!"

With a start the girl on the stairs came to herself, and glanced dazedly about her.

Instead of a smoothly glowing chandelier, she saw swinging crazily from the ceiling a smoky, blinking lantern, throwing some light, but much more shadows, as a street lamp in a London fog. Instead of sweet smelling incense, her nostrils were assailed by the poignant stench of burning vegetables; and the misty haze proved to be only dust clouds—arising from the energetic broom of Mrs. Maguire downstairs. The fountain continued to bubble in its laughing way, which puzzled the disappointed girl much. Suddenly with a mad burst of speed she ran back down the hall—she had forgotten to turn off the sink!

Sadly and with lagging steps she returned to the stairs. Instead of rich carpets—her eyes met only torn and frightfully dirty linoleum. At the foot of the stairs, hung on the hat rack, a rain coat and dripping umbrella jostled each other as the wind from outside, whistling through a smashed transom, blew them about. With a deep sigh the little Make Believe Girl took her train, a much used and very torn apron tied high and reversed, in her grimy, toil-stained little hands and placed it on straight, pulling it low in front so that it covered two large holes in her stockings, then picked up her broom.

The mop, the broom and the dust rag, that constituted Mary Ann's day. Occasionally, by way of pleasant diversion and healthful recreation, she was allowed to wash the dishes. Mary Ann was her full name, she had no other for the simple reason that no one had ever known it. At the tender age of six weeks she had been left at the door of Mrs. Maguire's boarding house, and Mary Ann had been given her (but nothing else) to distinguish her from Mary the dusky hued gridle queen.

The only thing that kept Mary Ann from succumbing under the colorless, rather, the dust-colored monotony, was her vivid, sparkling imagination.

It so happened that on this, the fiftieth thousand rude awakening from her land of Fancy, Mary Ann became rather careless. As she scrubbed away industriously, she did not notice how perilously near the edge her water bucket had been shoved, and all at once—*splosh!* The water and bucket tumbled and rushed down the stairs.

No great harm had been done, for the steps had to be washed anyway, but Mary Ann had good reasons to know the irascible temper of Mrs. Maguire, and she trembled at the thought of facing her florid-faced, acid-tongued mistress.

Behind the wide eyed Mary Ann a door opened and closed softly, but she did not know nor care.

"You seemed frightened," a quiet voice spoke at her side.

With a gasp of fear Mary Ann cringed as though to ward off a blow, then straightened quickly.

"I—I am!" she whispered hoarsely.

"Of whom?" the newcomer asked smiling.

"M-Mrs. McMaguire!" she told him, big round tears welling in her staring eyes, and coursing down her pale cheeks till they fell, glistening from her trembling lips.

Even as she spoke that worthy person appeared at the foot of the stairs, face almost purple from exertion and anger. Laboriously she clambered up the steps until she stood gasping, a virtual goddess of vengeance, a puffing nemesis, confronting the terror-stricken girl.

"So," she panted, "it's up to yer old thricks ye air? Well, m' lady," she told Mary Ann leeringly, coming toward her while rolling dirty sleeves high on capable arms suggestively, "I guess you know what comes now—?"

The stranger coughed slightly, then spoke apologetically,

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Maguire, you see-er-the fact of the matter is—I am the cause of the accident. I sincerely trust that no great damage has resulted from my carelessness, if so I shall gladly reimburse you," and he removed a bill folder from his pocket.

Mrs. Maguire did not understand all that "this dood feller" had said, but she gathered from his tone and actions that he and not Mary Ann had been the cause of "th' commoshun," and as he had only yesterday paid a month's advance rent—she could afford to be lenient, so with muffled excuses she bowed and grimaced drunkenly and hastily withdrew.

Awkwardly Mary Ann stood, twisting her apron in a ball. Suddenly she felt the cool night air touch her bare knees and hastily and blushingly smoothed it out again. Mary Ann had had little or nothing to do with strangers, finding it much more pleasant and profitable to keep to her Make Believe World and its wonderful, if impossible people. But this one, she reasoned as she took especial pains with her ragged apron, was different. Out of the corner of her eyes she studied him. He was neither young nor old, she decided, because a

certain almost boyish expression around his mouth was offset by the stern, harsh lines about his eyes. At his temples was just a tinge of steel, as if Time had touched his fingers there and passed on. There was something striking about his face, that sad, wistful smile seemed to grow on one,—she hadn't liked him yesterday, but now—

Impulsively she extended her hand, boy-like, and said bashfully, "I—I'd like to—to thank you, sir!"

After the water bucket incident, life ceased to be just so many weary hours of drudgery to Mary Ann, for her new-found friend was as sunshine to her starved little heart. One day she had asked him thoughtlessly, wistfully, how *he* had ever happened to come to such a place as Mrs. Maguire's.

She had not seen the look of pain that crossed his face, had not seen his smile fade as he regarded her closely, suspiciously, for his voice was easy, almost gay as he had replied: "Well, you see, little Sunbeam, (he always called her that—saying she was the only one in that dark old house) I am a very serious, assiduous sort of person, and they wouldn't let me be myself out there in the world, so I am hiding here till they forget me, then I am going out and just be—me. Do you see?"

She hadn't seen, but she had nodded anyway.

Her greatest joy came, though, when he told her wonderful stories of strange far away lands and lovely people that lived there. She listened eagerly, hungrily to his tales of fairies, dwarfs, knights, dragons, princes and romance. One, about a handsome prince who came over the hills on a beautiful charger and carried his princess away with him, seemed to her the acme of perfected cheerup stories. All day long, even in her hours of drudgery, she would dream, imagine that she was the princess and that her handsome prince was near. And always, though she realized it not, the Prince of her imagination bore a marked resemblance to the stranger.

"Where's the fire, buddie?" Dad Morgan asked casually of a boy mounted on a fire plug, eagerly watching the big red engines dash clanging and shrieking past.

"Mrs. Maguire's," he answered over his shoulder, never losing sight of the ladder car. "'S big one, too! Gee, wisht I wuz closter!"

"Mrs. Maguire's?" Dad almost shouted, "Why, all my stuff is up there! And Mary Ann—!" The color fled from his face as he thought of the danger in which the child might be.

Disregarding the warnings of two policemen, he dashed madly up the street. When he arrived at the house it was nothing but a mass of shooting flames. Mrs. Maguire saw him and ran over excitedly.

"Shore, an' uts alright sor, we got yer thrunks out in toime," she told him, thinking to relieve his mind.

He waved his hand impatiently.

"Where's Mary Ann!" he demanded.

Mrs. Maguire shrugged.

"In there," she pointed significantly, and indifferently, "somewhere."

"What!" he started tell her in no calm words what he thought of such devilish calmness, but changed his mind and ran, battled, shoved and fought his way towards the blazing house.

"Here, you can't go in there, you fool!" a fireman grabbed his arm.

With a fierce growl he threw the man off and knocked another out of his way, and with folded arms shielding his face, he plunged into that fiery hell. The smoke was choking, and fearfully hot, but he felt not the heat, nor the scorching pain the fumes made in his chest.

He was forced to stop at the stairs, for they were a solid wall of flame, roaring derisively, some flicking out as if to beckon him on. With eyesight nearly gone, breath coming in sobbing, broken gasps, "Happy Hooligan" clenched his teeth and plunged forward. But even as he made the start, the stairs crashed in with a thunderous, resounding roar, swallowing the flames momentarily in the swirl of smoke and debris.

Dad, driven back, fell to his knees, faint, seared, discouraged. With a rasping voice he scarce recognized as his own, he screamed,

"Mary Ann! Mary Ann! In God's name, answer me!"

Silence—as choking as the smouldering fire.

Then somewhere within that Valley of the Shadow, a gentle moan sounded, not a shriek of agony nor of terror, but such a sound as a sorrowing mother might give over her child's sickbed.

"Mary Ann!" Dad screamed again, in a harsh, croaking voice, "I'm coming—I'm com——" but the exertion and heat had proven too much, and like a stricken doe he fell in his tracks.

* * * * *

Forty-eight hours after he had first entered the burning house to seek and save the poor house girl, Dad Morgan opened his eyes.

For a time he lay perfectly still, just thinking.

So this was Heaven! H'mm, well, it wasn't so bad, but that funny odor, what was it now? Oh, yes, disinfectant, that was mighty familiar.

Soon a nurse, white from head to foot, moved soundlessly to his bedside.

"Did you wish something?" she asked softly.

Dad could barely see her, for his right eye was bandaged tightly, and the left swollen almost shut, and when he went to answer, he found that his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth, and was also swollen. But with difficulty he managed to ask about Mary Ann.

"Oh, the little girl?" the nurse answered, "Oh, she got out all

right, the firemen got anxious over you and went into get you out, and they found her, too. She was pretty badly burned, poor thing, and the steps nearly crushed the life out of her, so the firemen say, said they had to take a heavy plank off before they could get to her. She's resting fairly easy now, though.

"Am I bathly hurth?" Dad asked thickly through bruised lips.

"Oh, no, you'll soon be able to be up, your's was more exhaustion than anything else," the nurse replied easily.

And what she had predicted was true, for Dad was able to be up two days later.

His first move was to walk painfully and slowly to Mary Ann's room. He sat for hours, awaiting some sign of life, but with the exception of the irregular, labored breathing, the little figure swathed in greasy bandages, might easily have been mistaken for dead.

Suddenly a slight tremor shook her, and she opened one scorched little eye lid pitifully. Seeing Dad by her side, but, of course, not recognizing him, she asked weakly, anxiously: "Has my Prince come for me, yet? Have you seen my Prince?" and without waiting for an answer, she closed her eye, and once more resumed her deathlike posture and the ghastly breathing of a sufferer poised under the shadow of the Grim Reaper's wings.

"What did she mean?" Dad whispered to a nurse near by.

"That's what she always says when she wakes up," was the reply, "and we can't understand it. Perhaps her mind has been affected, it would be no wonder!"

But a light of understanding beamed on Dad's eye, and he rose stiffly and hobbled out of the room.

"Nurse," he asked when he had gained his ward, "that little girl in forty hasn't long to live, has she?"

"No, why?" she answered.

"Oh, nothing much."

* * * * *

Three hours later Dad in a fever of excitement asked the nurse,

"Have those trunks I sent for arrived yet?"

"Yes, I had them put where you told me, the lights are fixed as you asked. What are you going to do?"

Dad never answered, doubtless never heard, for he was already hobbling down the hall muttering to himself before she had finished.

Once in the room, Dad's momentary excitement left him. Methodically he opened a trunk and took various boxes out and laid them on a small shelf over which a light had been placed. Deftly he applied the grease paint to his face in the places where it was not bandaged, though he winced at the stinging pain it brought. Under his skilful fingers, the marks of fire and time were erased, where there had been a bleary-eyed, grey haired man of forty, now stood a bright-eyed, fair-faced, dark-haired lad of twenty. Out of another

trunk he took a faded Cavalier Court uniform and donned it carefully.

"She won't see the bandages," he muttered, "guess I'm alright now. God," he prayed, "I've never been much good to anyone, but please grant me this, let me be on time for my cue—amen."

He stepped carefully into the sleeping girl's room and coughed slightly. With a start the little swollen eye lid flickered open. For a moment a puzzled frown mantled her brow, then in gladdened tones she cried out:

"My Prince! I knew you'd come, I knew you'd come!"

Silently and tenderly Dad gathered the little wasted body in his arms, where she nestled contentedly. With a gentle sigh and wistful smile, she dropped off into that soft sleep from which there is but one awakening.

The nurse standing near brushed a tear from her eye, fumbled for her kerchief and stole silently from the room.

With tears streaming down his painted cheek, Dad reverently laid her back on the bed and folded one frail little hand across the other. Slipping to his knees, which cracked warningly and painfully, he lifted his face and heart to God:

"I was on time, God! I did play a part, and it wasn't a slapstick role either, was it?"

Slowly he rose, and gazed around. The door was filled with nurses and patients, all with flooding eyes.

A wistful, half triumphant smile stole across Dad's lips, lifting one painted corner grotesquely. Then in an awed voice he whispered to himself.

"And no one laughed!"

Joplin, Mo.

ONE WORD IN PENITENCE

(PSALM 51:1—HAVE MERCY UPON ME, O GOD)

Lord, how I love thee, thy holy name I adore,
 And with the close of each long day
 I love thee ten fold more.
 Countless blessings unto me each day befall;
 Countless sins committed, thou dost forgive them all;
 Countless lessons learned each day,
 From thy wisdom and thy way,
 And still in paths of error do I stray,
 But I with each strong deed must pay
 The penalty of injured conscience sad.
 'Tis then in heart I turn to thee,
 Eyes downcast, yet heart-glad.

Belleisle, N. B., Canada,

Alan C. Reidpath.

HAPPY VALLEY

BY DOROTHY CATHRYN RETSLOFF

It was the morning of John Graystein's thirty-first birthday. His head was throbbing so furiously that the ticking of the small clock on the bureau, beside his bed, sounded like the booming of cannon. He rose, his eyes smarting, his throat parching, his feet like leaden weights.

He dressed and half staggered out into the early sunshine. He crossed the road and sat down on a boulder underneath a wide spreading oak tree. The sunrise of pink and gray, the chirp of the crickets, the call of the waking birds meant nothing to him.

He held his head in his hands. "Why," he muttered, "why is it always so? Why do people turn from me? Why do little children run at my approach? Everyone has a smile for Terry Blake and he a half wit. It is, yes it is because I have a hump on my back—I'm a cripple—an ugly, mis-shapen clod. Curses on this hunched body! curses, curses! Curses on the whole human race—I hate every living soul!"

Presently he heard voices. Turning slightly he saw two women dipping water from the little creek that laved the feet of the live oak.

"Happy Valley," said the elder of the two, "Yes, that's the name of the place. It is just across the mountains," she pointed northward.

The other turned her head and looked at the distant hills blushing pink in the early sun-rays. "Why do they call it Happy Valley?"

"Because," he leaned forward to hear the answer, but the women had filled their buckets and passed on.

A bird in the branches called to his mate—the little creek sang as it hurried between its fern bordered banks—the leaves flashed their diamonds of dew, but John Graystein neither saw nor heard.

"Happy Valley," the words had aroused his curiosity. "And it is just across the mountains, if there is such a place in this world I'd like to see it. I don't believe there is. It is a lie. All humans are liars." He looked to the hills, warm and glowing where the sun had chased away the grayness of dawn. "I never could climb them, never, never, with my crippled back. What's the use in thinking about such a place?"

"But try as he would, the words kept ringing in his ears, "Happy Valley, Happy Valley."

That evening at sundown, when the wonderful shadows on the

hills were deepening, when the mauves and lavenders were changing to black, John Graystein started toward the north. Painfully he limped—the twilight threw itself into the velvety arms of night—then he stretched himself under the drooping branches of a way-side tree. His head throbbed, his muscles ached, a fever burned in his veins.

"What a fool I am, a silly fool, getting excited over a few words uttered by a blabbing woman. I don't believe there is any Happy Valley! It is a humbug—I believe I am beginning to hate even myself. Life is a lie, people are a sham. Curses on everything!"

When he opened his eyes it was morning, the light came faint from the east. The sky showing between the branches looked freshly laundered. A saucy squirrel frisked on the limb above him and higher up in the tree a bird called, "Over-there, over-there!"

"Crazy blue-jay!" John Graystein threw a stone at the bird, "I 'spose it is 'over there,' if it is any where. I've a notion to turn around and go back the way I came."

He opened his bag and took from it a piece of bread and cheese; as he ate and grumbled, he heard a rattling sound. From around the hazelnut thicket came a two wheeled cart drawn by a small donkey. Beside the cart limped a gnarled old woman and a little black dog.

"Morning to you, young man," she nodded cheerfully and waved her stick. "I see there are others who love the dewy morning as well as Jolly and I. Say 'Good-morning' to the young man, Jolly." She spoke to the dog.

"Bow-wow, bow-wow," Jolly wagged his stump of a tail and his eyes searched the face of John Graystein.

"Stop, Cheerful, let that bush alone, you had your breakfast an hour ago." The donkey, obedient as the dog, quit his browsing and stood with drooping head.

"Came far?" a smile at the corners of her mouth, followed the question.

"Since yesterday, at sunset," there was something in the old woman's smile that quickened the beating of his pulse, and he resented it.

"We have been traveling for a month, but are almost at our journey's end, just over there," she lifted her wrinkled face and let her gaze rest on the mountains.

He flung his arms out impatiently, "Do you mean that you and that donkey and that dog are going to try to cross those?"

The woman rested both hands on her stick, "We want to get to Happy Valley, the only way is over those mountains—with every foot we climb, they will grow less, by and by they will be mole-hills."

A cynical smile played over John Graystein's face, "Happy Valley? Are you, too, deluded by the idea that there is such a place?"

"There certainly is such a place," she tapped the cart wheel with

her stick. "Why not? Come with us and prove it to your own satisfaction. I know just how it looks—a long narrow valley tucked between the mountain ranges. One end is stopped by a blue-green sea, the other where a high wall, with a water-fall, joins the two rows of mountains. There are green trees and mossy nooks and long fields with waving grain. There are wide sunny places, and a warm wind laden with contentment blows every day."

The hunchback shrugged. "Fairy tales, fairy tales!"

She waved him to silence. "Follow us."

"I can't cross the mountains." He began to feel irritated.

"Nonsense," she said. "You a healthy young man, can't cross those hills? When we understand that good underlies everything, there is nothing that we cannot do."

"But I'm a cripple, was born one. Don't you see the hump on my back? If there was a Happy Valley, no one would want me there, I'd spoil its beauty." He had an impulse to turn away—to listen no longer.

She moved her stick back and forth, pushing the pebbles in the road-way: "That is no reason, don't think about your personal defects. Try to see yourself as God sees you. Will you come?" The donkey moved forward, the old woman and Jolly limping at the rear of the cart.

Half sullenly John Graystein followed, never close to them, yet never so far behind that he lost the rattle of the rickety wheels.

One morning a week later, the sun peering behind a boulder awakened John Greystein. He got up from the ground and looked down into a valley. He saw the blue-green sea at one end and the waterfall at the other. "Is the mountain top making a fool of me?" He swayed like a poplar, "or is it really Happy Valley?"

He gave no thought to the old woman and her dumb companions. He stumbled down the mountain side. An impertinent rabbit hopped across his path, ran up on a moss-flecked rock and gravely stared at him.

"What place is this?" he inquired of the first man he met.

"Happy Valley."

"Who lives here?" He searched the man's face with his dark eyes.

"All who love. No one with hate in his heart can live in Happy Valley."

John Graystein started toward the village, men working in the fields greeted him courteously, although he was a stranger.

Little children stopped their play and ran to meet him—no child had ever smiled into his face before—women from windows and open doors nodded pleasantly. He turned down a side street. As he was passing a small rose vined cottage, he heard some one singing. There

was something in the voice unlike anything he had ever heard before. It was like wind playing among whispering pines—like water rippling over smooth pebbles. He listened:

"I do all for my love of Thee, Thou hast done so much for me,
Love begets love in humanity."

He drew a long breath, the singer continued:

"The beautiful life is full of love,
Reflected from the One above,
I do all for my love of Thee
So love begets love in humanity."

"Humanity," he muttered. "What has any one ever done for me? I've never had a friend in my life. Who ever gave me a cheerful word? No one. Curses on humanity!"

"If you would win the greatest prize,
Keep the love light in your eyes."

"Bosh!" there was a ring of impatience in his tone. "This love business is beginning to grow tiresome." He moved close to the cottage and parted the vines from over the open window. He looked in, a young woman sat in a chair. She had a bundle of splints at her side. She was weaving a basket. In another instant he discovered that she was blind.

"There may be reefs on your brother's chart,
It matters not if love fills your heart."

John Graystein stepped back from the window, his foot struck a pebble, it rolled down the rocky path. The blind girl heard the noise, she laid aside her work and crossed the room.

"Who comes?" her voice was even and unafraid.

The man looked at her placid face and shining hair. "A passing stranger. I heard your song and the words attracted me. I wanted to see the face of the singer."

She smiled, "Will you come in and rest?"

"I will, and may I ask you a question?"

With confident steps she returned to her seat, gathered her work in her hands, tipped her head gracefully and waited.

John Graystein sat on a stool in the door-way. The wind swinging down the valley, rustled the rose vines on the cottage walls and shook the loose sweet smelling petals in a pink and white shower.

He sighed—the keenly sensitive ear of the girl caught it, "Why do you sigh?"

He pressed the palms of his hands together, "I sigh, because I am a hunchback—an unpleasant sight—people do not like me—my heart has a bitter taste in it, a taste that grows more bitter as the days pass."

The sunlight beat against the rose vines, it found its way inside between the gaily moving leaves, it lay in patches of gold on her

soft, white dress. It touched a wide-mouthed vase filled with fragrant lilies. The room was very quiet and peaceful. Tenderly she moved her tapering fingers over the splints.

"Listen, why do you think unpleasant thoughts? Try to see yourself as God sees you. God sees beauty in every living thing. I have no sight, yet I am always happy."

"Happy when you cannot see?" his voice was incredulous.

"Thinking right thoughts, brings happiness. The bad taste in your heart is hate, drown hate and you will be happy. You will forget your affliction."

"How can I drown hate? Every one irritates me—I have not one friend in all the world. How can you say that God sees beauty in every thing? There is nothing beautiful about a hunchback?" There was defiance in his words.

She sat upright, her nostrils quivered. He straightened and looked about the room.

"Go," there was a soft note in her command, "go out among the people. Give them heart smiles, they will return them a hundred fold. Do some good every day. Learn to think right, for right thoughts save both time and trouble."

"Where can I learn to think right?" his hands wandered nervously up and down the front of his coat.

"In Love's school. Love is the source of all right thought. Love begets love. When one loves, everything in the world glows with beauty." She dipped her splints in a pan of water and prepared to begin her weaving.

"Why do you work?"

"When one loves one has to work. Fill your heart with love and you will be satisfied with your hump. God gave you life and is giving you days in which to gather understanding." A radiance resembling the glory of a new born dawn overspread her face, she held her head high, a silvery clearness vibrated in her voice.

For the first time in his life John Graystein forgot his hump. He stood up, "You have turned my face toward the light. I will love my fellow men. I no longer hate myself."

The ache he had carried so long in his heart, seemed to burst. All at once, he was lifted—as with a mighty wind—his feet were buoyant—his head clear—his eyes bright. He passed down the street with the words of the blind girl's song following him, clear and sweet like tears of joy falling into a lake of glory.

"The beautiful life is full of love,
Reflected from the One above
I do all for my love of Thee,
So love begets love in humanity."

San Diego, Calif.

STORY

Of the Disaster at the Scout Camp on the North Fork of Ogden River

BY GEORGE BERGSTROM, FIELD EXECUTIVE OF THE
OGDEN GATEWAY COUNCIL

[On the 13th of August, 1923, Mr. Bergstrom and a company of scouts were encamped on the North Fork of the Ogden river, nearly opposite Willard on the east side of the mountains, during the great storm that passed over Salt Lake City and along the Wasatch mountains north to Farmington and Willard, on that day. Their experience and miraculous escape from death are recounted in this story.—Editors.]

Day dawned bright and clear, everything went off like clock work, Reveille at six, roll call, pledge of allegiance, setting up. Breakfast at seven. Tent inspection. Ben Wright and three other boys were starting to work on Pioneering Merit Badges. At one o'clock, three boys, Fred Taylor, Don Foutz and Howard Alvord came into camp with their blankets, equipment, etc. They were going to camp above our camp, but I invited them to stay with us as we had plenty of room. We had all planned to hike up North Fork canyon that day.

About two o'clock, black clouds started to gather so we stayed in camp. About three it started to rain and continued to do so all afternoon, off and on. Supper was late on account of rain. The dishes were soon cleared up and put away. Tent ropes tightened, everything battened down, dry firewood put in commissary tent for breakfast and preparations were made for a wet night. I followed the boys into their tents, six boys in one, three visitors in one of the other army pyramidal tents, of which there were six in a large semi-circle.

The boys were happy, the tents were water proof, we were having a good time. Ambrose Merrill, Jr., handed me his harmonica. Outside the rain was coming down in torrents. The tents had been ditched properly so they drained very well. The boys all undressed and went to bed, each boy taking care of his equipment. I was still playing on the harmonica. The boys asked me to read a story but I had none seemingly to suit the occasion, but said I would get one from the headquarters tent and read. They assented and I went outside. The storm was at its height, lightning flashed, the thunder roared, but I had no idea but what we were all right as we were several hundred feet from the main channel of the stream. I went to headquarters tent, moved several things around, I saw that all tent sides were down, and that everything was protected. I locked the suit cases, moved equipment nearer the center of the tent, found the books I wanted and started back to the other tents. In the first tent were Ben Wright, Jas. Neil, Lorin Wheelwright, Ambrose Merrill, Jr., Clyde Bergstrom, Francis Simmerson, and myself. In the next tent to us were Fred Taylor, Jr., Don Foutz, and Howard Alvord. The boys were in high spirits. I started to read from *Great Ghost Stories*, "The House and the Brain."

I had just got to the second paragraph when there came a lull, an absolute stillness, even the rain did not pour down. We were astonished, looked up surprised; then came a rush and a roar, a thundering crash, a sound like the rushing of a tremendous wind, then the flood! The torrent swept in



The Company of Scouts in the North Fork Disaster. Front Row, Left to Right: Clyde Bergstrom, George Bergstrom, camp director; and Lorin Wheelright. Rear row, James Niel, Howard Alvord, Ambrose Merrill, Jr., Ben Wright, Fred Taylor, Jr., Donald Foutz and Francis Simmerson.

on us so quickly we hardly had a chance to get to our feet when a wall of six to eight feet of water and debris hit us. The tent was pulled down upon us, and we were cast into a vortex of swirling water, amid tent cots, bed sacks, equipment, tent ropes and poles, and carried by the ice-cold water for several hundred feet, over rocks, brush, and undergrowth. How we ever escaped is a miracle!

After fighting for air and freedom until it seemed my head would burst, being ducked again and again, I suddenly found a dash of rain in my face and found myself clinging to a choke-cherry bush in more than five feet of raging torrent. I had hardly come to my senses, I seemed stunned and shocked. My first thoughts were "Where are the boys?" and I started to call, yelling at the top of my voice. I heard an answer below me. It was Ambrose Merrill, Jr., hanging to a choke-cherry bush. "Hang on, Ambrose, for your life," I said, "let's see if I can locate the others." By this time, realizing the terrible damage that had been done, the predicament that we were in, the anguish of my soul was terrible. Were any caught beneath the tents, pinned on the brush, stunned by the trees, or probably mangled and crippled with broken arms and legs?

Again I called loudly. I found Ben Wright, stunned and hanging on for dear life. I brought him and Ambrose together, then called again and again. I heard another answer, here I found two boys clinging to brush in the swirling water. I bade them hope and admonished them to stick together. We kept calling and locating one after another. The lightning flashed, the thunder roared, the storm still beat down upon us, and the raging torrent was impossible to ford or stand up in without assistance, but I continued to gather them together in one central place.

I counted my flock, then it dawned upon us that two were missing—Lorin and Clyde. Then came a frantic search, a tugging at brush and trees. Calling again and again, there was finally an answer, it was Lorin clinging to the brush below us. Oh! he was safe, but where was Clyde, my own boy? Another frantic search, another inquiring if he had been seen and if they had heard a cry. He could not swim, it would have done no good if he could, no one could swim in that torrent and debris. Oh, how I suffered. My own boy had perished, he was undoubtedly gone, I was about ready to give him up! I frantically called, Clyde, Clyde! Then the boys spoke, saying: "Oh, we have prayed, prayed so hard; you'll find him! God won't let him die!"

It gave me courage, new faith and hope, and so I started again through the torrent, flinging myself into the stream, and was carried swiftly down. I called and called; finally I heard him answer, and through me surged new life. Quickly letting go of the bush I held onto, I was carried and dragged by the stream, bumped into trees, thrown on piles of debris in darkness, but getting closer and closer to his wee, weak call in the darkness. It seemed I had traveled for a long distance, but actually only about seventy-five to a hundred feet or more. There he was. When the tent had struck the trees it had ripped open and torn, he had been cast free, and the tremendous current had picked him up and carried him down stream, lodged him in a pile of brush and drift wood, his legs and body pinned in by other debris that followed, his head barely out of water—and the first thing he said was, "Oh, Daddy, my legs are all tangled up." No other complaint. How my heart beat when I realized I had found him apparently unharmed. I frantically sought to free him, and then drew him close, hoisting him on my shoulder, and with his arms around my neck, I felt capable to cope with any danger. "Hold on, Clyde, for your life, we'll get out of this yet!" And he answered, "I will, Daddy, O, I will!" Then came the struggle to reach the others, among the trees and in the blackness. Fighting up stream against the current, holding first on one bush then another, being swept off our feet, then on again and again, calling all the while, and finally we were answered and the boys' voices guided us to them. "Have you found Clyde, have you got Clyde?" was the chorus. Then came rejoicing. We were all safe, and silently our hearts went to our Maker for delivering us, for we knew we had all been close to death. Quickly I took an inventory, no extreme suffering only from shock and exposure, no broken bones or bad wounds that we could feel.

But we could not stay in that water. We had been there it seemed for hours, but it had been less than a half hour. I said, "We must get out of this!" The boys answered, "O, we'll all drown if we let go of these bushes." But with Clyde on my back, Ben and Lorin hanging on my belt, for I was still fully dressed, we put the smallest boys next to us, and left our haven, seeking for my car and higher ground, which the lightning showed quite a ways above us to the right. There was no hanging back, no crying or whimpering. "Go," the boys said, "we know you will bring us out safe." So we started. We were all there, we held hold of hands, and decided either to perish all together, or all be saved. We entered the stream, but were swept off our feet, held on and tried again, making some progress. Soon we came to where the water was less swift and finally reached the car. A count in the dark showed we were all present. A streak of lightning gave us a look at the camp which was devastated, tents down, it was washed completely out. Most of the boys were naked and others had only part of their sleeping clothes on, or thin underwear. We got in the car, primed the motor, and though it stood in three feet of water, it started readily. The humming of the motor and the turning on of the lights gave us confidence. Though our teeth chattered and the rain was still pouring down, we had

a chance, but it was impossible to follow the road for mud and silt. Turning the car so that its lights shone up the hill to the east of us we sought to drive the car forward, but it sank in the soft soil and became immovably stalled. We took hold of hands as before and started over the hill that would lead us to safety and the main highway. We fought some minutes in a dense growth of underbrush and trees, lost our direction and wandered hopelessly. We saw two lights gleaming in the darkness which we thought was a coming car, but it turned out to be our own car. We had been going round in a circle. Reaching the car, the boys got quickly in, we put up all the side curtains, kept the motor running, and lifted the floor boards to get warmth.

At this juncture it dawned on me that two more had been in the party, the cook and his wife! Where were they? Had they been washed away in the torrent? I then left the boys, started straight west toward the river, calling for Brown and his wife, fearing the worst. At last I found them clinging to brush in the water, having been swept completely out of their tent, holding on for dear life. They had on only their night clothes. The North Fork some three or four feet away was a raging torrent with ten or twelve feet of water in it. Rocks were crashing and booming against one another. The rescue of Brown and his wife was a difficult task. Finally, they, too, were brought to the car. The cook and his wife were safe. All our people were now together. Looking at my watch it was 10:10 p. m. It seemed as if I had lived an age. We all huddled together in the car, our teeth chattering from the cold. It was impossible for us to remain all night in that wet and bedraggled state without fire or shelter. I went out and found three camp cots set up which had been washed on to the south side of the camp. On each were the regular army bed sacks half filled with straw. I carried these to the car, and used two of them for covering for the naked boys, and with the straw and other tick I sought to obtain a light from the car to build a fire, as our matches had all been swept away. Presently, after many failures, I was rewarded with a tiny flame in the rags saturated with gasoline from the car, and at length, after much anxiety, care, and coaxing, we had a roaring fire which changed our spirits. Then we cheered, the boys sang and told jokes, looking fearfully behind them at their devastated camp.

This was an unequalled adventure. Though they were naked, without shelter, plastered with mud so that one could hardly recognize them, their spirits soared high. All night we fed the fire. How the time did drag! It seemed ages, but the fire was our only hope. Not a boy showed the white feather or a yellow streak each did his part gladly and willingly without murmur. Slowly and gradually the dawn appeared. We could first make out the tops of distant trees, then closer objects. Our first thought was to get out without assistance, but it soon became apparent that it was impossible. I instructed all of the boys and the cook and his wife to remain together. I made my way out on the highway and at a considerable distance I saw a farm house. Going there and waking up these people I told them of our predicament which brought a hearty response. The lady rustled us some blankets and old coats; her three boys were called. They quickly got their team and chain, and we made our way back to camp where the clothing came in handy, the boys slipping it on, but not until Mrs. Brown had been thoroughly fixed out first. To hook the team on the car was only a matter of minutes. We all got in and with the horses and power of the motor, we dragged it on to the main highway where we were able to proceed on our own power. When we came opposite the farm house the good Mrs. Southwick had ready a bucket of boiling chocolate. This was eagerly consumed amid the many expressions of thankfulness from the boys, and soon we were on our way to the city where every boy was taken home, given a hot bath and put to bed.

That afternoon I again journeyed to camp. The place we had learned to love was desolate and bare. The camp had been cleaned out from end to end. Our equipment had disappeared, much of it buried beneath the sand and debris. But we did not care much. Our lives, through the blessings of God, had been spared, and later we learned with sorrow that the same storm had taken a toll of eleven lives in Willard and Farmington, four of whom were Boy Scouts who had camped in Farmington canyon many miles below us.

Ogden, Utah.

OUR GOD, WE RAISE TO THEE

Words by B. Snow

Music by B. F. Pulham

1. Our God, we raise to thee Thanks for thy blessings free
 2. Bless thou our Prophet dear; May health and comfort cheer
 3. So shall thy kingdom spread, As by thy Prophet said,
 4. O may thy Saints be one, Like Father and the Son,

We here en - joy; In this far western land, A true and
 His no - ble heart; His words with fire impress On souls that
 From sea to sea; As one u - nit - ed whole Truth burn in
 Nor dis - a - gree; U - nit - ed heart and hand, So may they

chosen band, Led hither by thy hand, We sing for joy.
 thou wilt bless; To choose in righteousness, The better part.
 ev - ery soul, While hast'ning to the goal We long to see.
 ev - er stand, A firm and val - iant band, E - ter - nal - ly.

THE PONY EXPRESS

An Advertiser and Demonstrator of the "Central" Route to the Pacific Coast, via Salt Lake City

BY L. R. HAFEN, M. A., TEACHING FELLOW IN HISTORY,
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[In view of the recent revival of the relay pony express, bringing a mail pouch with a message from the Governor of Missouri to the Governor of California, this article will be read with relish. The rider left St. Joseph, Missouri, at 10 a. m., August 21, 1923, and arrived in San Francisco, California, September 9, 2:39 p. m. The route of the riders across Utah was from the K Ranch, on the borders of the Utah-Colorado line to Jenson, Vernal, Roosevelt, Myton, Fruitland, Park City, Parley's Canyon, Salt Lake City; thence west to Wendover, and through to California. Four riders were engaged in Utah—Ray Elmer, K Ranch; relay to Denzil Gardner and Nick Killilan; then to Miss Myrtle Gardner, the 17-year-old daughter of E. H. Gardner, of Roosevelt, who had charge of the Utah riders. She brought the message from the Martha Washington sign in Parley's Canyon, ten miles to Salt Lake City, on her black charger "Jack," Tuesday, September 4, 1923, ahead of schedule time. In Salt Lake City, in front of the Federal Building, appropriate exercises were held under the direction of Frank B. Cook, chairman of the committee on reception. Governor Charles R. Mabey with state officials and national guard staff, and Mayor C. Clarence Neslen and city officials, were present at the arrival of the mail and sped the westward departure. The mail was delivered to the Utah riders about seven hours ahead of time and they delivered it to the western riders without loss of time. Alonzo Stooky had charge of the relay westward out of Salt Lake City, and across the desert to Wendover. Will Tevis carried the pouch on his mount from the California-Nevada line to San Francisco.

It was announced, on arrival, that the 1923 pony express had beaten the time of the old pony express, inaugurated in those days when there was no other communication between the middle west and the Pacific coast, by approximately forty-two hours.

Riders followed the old pony trail from St. Joseph, Missouri, as closely as possible, there being necessary deviations where the path of the pioneer riders had been wiped out by the rising of cities and other monuments to the westward march of civilization.

The seventy-five couriers who participated in the ride covered a total of 2,180 miles at an average speed of $14\frac{3}{4}$ miles per hour. The riders were on the road 158 hours and 8 minutes. The best average speed of the pony riders of 1860, according to available records, was 10.7 miles per hour.—*Editors.*]

Much has been written of the famous Pony Express, but most accounts have stressed the romantic and spectacular side, failing to show the motives which actuated its founders, or to portray its relationship to the other problems of overland communication and westward expansion.

The Pony Express was not an end in itself, but a means to an end. It was launched largely with the object of getting a contract for a daily mail service with stage-coaches over the "Central" route, *via* Salt Lake City. The stage-coach was looked upon as the precursor of the "Pacific Railroad," hence the great importance attached to the question whether the mail route should follow a Northern or a Southern course.

Before proceeding with our brief account of the Pony Express let us note the earlier means of communication with the West. The first United States mail service to the Pacific Coast ran to Oregon, and was provided for in March, 1847, before Utah or California had become a part of the United States. In 1850 slow overland mails were established from the Missouri river to Salt Lake City, and to Santa Fe, New Mexico. The next year a monthly line was begun from Sacramento, California to Salt Lake City. Letters could now be carried by land across the continent, but with a sixty day schedule no through letters were offered for transmission. The land service served the inter-mountain region only.

In 1856 Hiram Kimball obtained the mail contract for the service from Independence, Missouri, to Salt Lake City. With this contract as a basis President Brigham Young and other Utah leaders organized the B. Y. Express Carrying Company. Parties were sent out in the early spring of 1857 to build and equip stations along the entire line. These were to develop into settlements that would aid the immigrants as well as the Express company. But this great enterprise so promisingly begun was destined to an early and abrupt close. By mid-summer the mail contract was annulled, and an army was on its way to Utah. This peculiar episode and the motives that prompted it are not a part of the present story. However, jealousy over the mail contract played a part in precipitating the "Utah War." Now, let us follow another thread.

During the early fifties very great efforts were being made in Congress to provide for a "Pacific Railroad," but the efforts were uniformly unsuccessful, due to the strong sectional conflicts between North and South. With an apparent dead-lock existing on the railroad question, representatives from the West turned their attention to a substitute in the form of an improved stage-coach service. These efforts finally culminated in the passage of an act in 1857 which provided for a semi-weekly mail service from the Missouri river to the Pacific Coast at a compensation of \$600,000 per annum. The route chosen was in the form of a great semi-circle from St. Louis via Fort Smith, Arkansas, El Paso, Texas, and Los Angeles, to San Francisco. The Postmaster General from Tennessee maintained that the route *via* Salt Lake City was impracticable for year-round travel. However, in response to criticism from the proponents of the "Central" route, and to better keep in contact with "Johnston's Army" in Utah, he improved the mail service on this route in 1858 to a weekly schedule. When the "Utah War" episode terminated, the mail service was reduced to a semi-monthly basis. It was operating upon a thirty-eight day schedule and therefore could not compete with the more adequately subsidized "Butterfield" route which was operating upon a twenty-five day schedule *via* El Paso. Conflict both in and out of Congress was therefore inevitable.

Friends of the route *via* Salt Lake City would not be satisfied until they had a service equal to that upon the southern route. Senator Gwin, of California, told W. H. Russell, the contractor on the Central route, that it would be necessary to demonstrate the feasibility of his route for year-round travel before Congress could be induced to establish the desired service. He asked Russell to launch a fast overland express and agreed to obtain from Congress a subsidy to reimburse him for the undertaking. Russell, Majors, and Waddell, accordingly decided to take up the task, and within two months all was in readiness for launching the Pony Express.

On the 3rd of April, 1860, a simultaneous start was made from the two ends of the line. In San Francisco a "clean-limbed, hardy, little nankeen-colored pony" stood waiting for his precious letter bags which were to be sped across the continent. The little fellow looked all unaware to his famous future. Two little flags adorned his head-stall, and from the pommel of his saddle hung a bag lettered "Overland Pony Express." This pony had

but a short run to the boat which was to carry the express to Sacramento. Here began the real Pony Express. Harry Roff, mounted on a spirited half-breed broncho, started eastward, covering the first twenty miles, including one change, in fifty-nine minutes. At Placerville he connected with "Boston" who took the route to Friday's Station, crossing the eastern summit of the Sierras. Sam Hamilton next fell into line and pursued his way by Carson City to Fort Churchill. The run to this point, 185 miles, was made in fifteen hours and twenty minutes. Robert H. Haslam "Pony Bob," Jay G. Kelly, H. Richardson, and George Thatcher followed each other on the route to Salt Lake City where the express arrived on Monday, April 9.

The start from the eastern end was made before a large crowd, gathered at St. Joseph to witness the launching of the Pony Express. The firing of a cannon announced the beginning of the first ride. J. H. Keetley, an old pony express rider quaintly remarks: "On the first trip out Carlyle was riding a nice brown mare, and the people came near taking all the hair out of the poor beast's tail for souvenirs."

The first express was carried through in splendid time and was enthusiastically received along the line. A San Francisco paper writes of the reception at the western end:

"It took seventy-five ponies to make the trip from Missouri to California in 10½ days, but the last one—the little fellow who came down in the Sacramento boat this morning had the vicarious glory of them all. Upon him an enthusiastic crowd were disposed to shower all their compliments. He was the veritable Hippagriff who shoved a continent behind his hoofs so easily; who snuffed up sandy plains, sent lakes and mountains, prairies and forest, whizzing behind him, like one great river rushing eastward."

The route taken by the Pony Express was that followed by the "Mormons," in 1847, and by the California Argonauts of 1849. It followed the Platte River, and through South Pass to Salt Lake City. From this point it went south of the Great Salt Lake, across the desert to Fort Churchill, Carson City, and over the Sierras to Sacramento.

Along this route, stations were established at intervals averaging about fifteen miles each. Station-houses were built of logs, stone, or adobe, according to the material most available in the section. Some of these houses, in the area where Indians were hostile, were regular little fortresses. Usually, two men were maintained at each station to care for the stock and to keep all in readiness for the arrival of the riders.

The horses employed were the best obtainable and were famous for speed, endurance and dependability. They were fed and housed with the greatest care, for they must measure up to the severest tests. Ten, fifteen, or twenty-five miles each must cover with scarcely a breathing-spell; and it took good mettle to endure the strain.

The riders were the pick of the frontier. They were young men, selected for their nerve, light weight, and general fitness. They were armed, but generally depended upon the fleetness of their ponies for safety from Indian attacks. The life of the rider was exciting and his work often dangerous. It was no fit position for a tenderfoot or a coward. Over the level prairies and through the mountain fastnesses the rider must know the path or make it. Hostile Indians might lie in ambush, but he must not hesitate. Day and night, in sunshine or storm, the precious burden must go on. If a rider galloped into a station and found that his "relief" had been killed or disabled, then he must do double service. It was on such an occasion that "Buffalo Bill" rode continuously for 320 miles in 21 hours and 40 minutes.

Each rider rode from seventy-five to one hundred miles and made a round trip over this run twice a week. For this work he received a

salary of \$50 to \$150 per month. The riders did not dress uniformly, but the usual costume was a buckskin hunting shirt, cloth trousers, tucked into high boots, and a jockey cap or slouch hat. A complete buckskin suit with the hair on the outside to shed the rain was provided for stormy weather. The mail was carried in four small leather bags called *cantinas* about six by twelve inches in size, which were sewed to a square *macheir* which was put over the saddle. The letters before being placed in the pockets were wrapped in oiled silk to preserve them from moisture. The maximum weight for any mail was twenty pounds and the charges were at first \$5 per half ounce.

Before the Pony Express had been in operation two months it was interrupted by the Washoe Indian war in Nevada. Several stations were burned and the stock driven off by the Indians. However, volunteers were raised and the Indians punished. Within a month the line was re-stocked and the service renewed. After this interruption the Pony Express was placed upon a semi-weekly schedule and continued upon that basis during the remainder of its existence.

The time consumed in making the overland trips was usually a little greater than that announced by the schedule, but by the aid of the telegraph at each end of the line good time was made in the transmission of messages. The best time was that made in carrying the news of Lincoln's election. This was carried from Fort Kearny to Fort Churchill (the telegraph termini) in precisely six days.

As winter approached, the experiment was watched with great interest. Was the Central route to be practicable for year-round travel? The answer to that question would determine the route of the first trans-continental railroad. The schedule was extended to fifteen days for the winter months, and although the schedule was not entirely maintained, only one trip was missed completely.

During the summer of 1861 the telegraph was pushed forward from both ends and the transmission of news and messages was accordingly expedited. When the telegraph line was completed, on October 24, 1861, the Pony Express came to a close. The pony was fast, but he could not compete with the lightning.

The Pony Express was inaugurated as an advertiser and demonstrator of the Central route, rather than as an immediate money making scheme. When the daily mail was established on this route in July, 1861, this first object was attained. As a financial undertaking the project did not succeed. Alexander Majors, one of the original projectors of the enterprise, says that "the business transacted over this line was not sufficient to pay one-tenth of the expenses, to say nothing of the capital invested." Though this is no doubt an exaggeration, it is nevertheless true that the Pony Express brought considerable financial embarrassment upon its projectors.

From the national standpoint, the Pony Express was eminently successful. It demonstrated the practicability of the Central route and marked the path for the first trans-continental railroad. By shortening the distance between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts it helped to untie the Rocky Mountain region and the Pacific Coast to the Union during that first ominous year of the Civil War. It showed the conquest of the west in one of its most spectacular phases, and is an act in the great Western drama that will always be recalled and re-enacted as one of our precious heritages.

San Francisco, Calif.



PRESIDENTIAL RECOGNITION

Scoutmaster Irving Y. Bigelow, St. George, Utah, supplies this picture for the *Era* of Scout Troop No. 1 taken at Conference time, Sept. 7, 1923. The mayor, Albert E. Miller stands to the right holding the Troop flag; Assistant Scoutmaster A. D. Wallis and Scoutmaster Irving Y. Bigelow are shown to the left. President Ivins, National Representative of the Boy Scouts of America, stands in the center; and Oscar A. Kirkham, Scout Executive and Executive Director Y. M. M. I. A., on the left, back row. The American flag shown was hung over President Warren G. Harding's tent during the visit of the Presidential party in Zion's Park. President Harding sent the following letter to Scoutmaster Irving Y. Bigelow which effectively expresses his feelings toward the Boy Scout movement; the occasion being the presentation of the President's pennant through the Mayor of St. George to this troop of boy scouts, who had increased their membership 25% over December 31, 1922. A like recognition has been made to many other Latter-day Saint troops in the M. I. A.

Dear Mr. Bigelow:—I am pleased to learn that your Council has met the specified conditions and is entitled to the award of the Anniversary Round-Up Streamer, which I take great pleasure in presenting, with additional streamers for qualified troops. Please extend to each member of the local Council, and others associated with you in the work, my hearty congratulations and good wishes. I desire especially to convey appreciation to the scoutmasters and to the boys of those troops which have earned the troop award.

It is most stimulating to realize that through the Boy Scouts of America over 130,000 men are now enrolled for definite volunteer service, and that at present there are over 440,000 boy members of this splendid organization. Certainly it can be truly said that the men who are in any way supporting this movement, and especially those who are serving as active leaders, are helping in a most practical fashion to produce for the Nation its greatest need—men of character, trained for citizenship.

I am keenly anxious to do all in my power to extend the influence of the Scout Program, because America must avail itself of every resource for producing that type of American Citizenship which will not be content with acceptance of the privileges of citizenship without active participation in meeting the responsibilities of citizenship. In the Boy Scout movement, you not only place emphasis upon service, but you have worked out your program in such a way that boys actually "learn

by doing," and in a natural manner acquire that attitude of mind which brings to them a consciousness that they must be citizens of the participating kind, and not mere on-lookers.

I do most sincerely hope that you will continue your efforts to recruit increased leadership and greater resources, in order that more boys of scout age may have the advantages of this movement, which has earned for itself appraisement as one of the greatest assets our Nation has today.

Sincerely Yours,

Nanning Horning

A PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE

BY HAROLD H. JENSON

One of the many interesting sidelights of the recent flood in Willard and Farmington was told to the writer and Mr. Ed. S. Diamond while engaged with Clawson Brothers, in taking moving pictures of the flood district which moving pictures were shown in Salt Lake City. The incident throws a sidelight of human interest on the catastrophe.

A fond mother at Willard, when the flood waters came, left what she considered an insecure dwelling house and started from it for protection. The water was then up to her waist and a large rock seemingly offered the only place of refuge. She headed for it, but the torrent came, and by force, took two children which she was leading from her hands. They were swept down stream by the onrush, and the woman thought she would never see them again. She reached the rock which saved her from going down, but she was robbed of her children! She had a hand hold of each child, but by a force which she says was too powerful to describe, they were wrenched from her grasp. She prayed and prayed again, shouted for help, and later joined a party in the search for the little ones. But there seemed to be little hope that the lives of the children would be spared. The searchers, however, were attracted by pitiful noises coming from what was once a shack of a house, and on searching, it proved to be the lost babes, and they were found, tossed high by the crest of a wave on a pile of furniture in one corner of the room, as if a kind guardian angel had averted what to others proved a tragic ending. Words cannot adequately describe the joy this mother felt in finding that her little ones had not met with death, but that a kind Providence had answered her prayers and saved them.

Many other narrow escapes are reported in which people were saved from the flood which came so quick, was so powerful and probably thirty feet in depth, carrying everything before it!

THE FORCE OF FAITH

The Holy Spirit is Divine light; the holy Priesthood is Divine authority. These together form the "yoke of Christ." They impart force to faith, and bear up the burden of duty. To individual or community progress they are essential. In all church school teachings they are fundamental. Glory to God for their active presence and their certain perpetuity!—*President Charles W. Penrose.*

A TRIBUTE TO MOTHER*

BY SENATOR REED SMOOT

Together with Brother John A. Widtsoe I had the privilege of visiting Europe during the months of July and August. While thus upon a special mission, and by the assistance of Brother Widtsoe, I had the privilege of visiting the Scandinavian countries. I also took the time during my last visit to go there, primarily, I will say, to visit my mother's old home. While a young man I used to say to my mother: "Some day we will go back to the old home." I left it too late, as so many things are put off until it is too late; for my mother died when she was sixty years old. But I made up my mind that sooner or later I would go to the old home and see some of my relatives there. I haven't the time today to express to you the feelings I had when I stood upon the very spot where she was born, and when I saw the old homestead as it was. When I went into the old cow-shed and opened the old door that she had opened perhaps hundreds and hundreds of times, and when I looked upon the spring, back of the house, that I had heard her speak of when I was a boy; and as I stood under the shade of that wonderful tree her mother had planted and which she used to tell me about, and as I saw conditions surrounding that homestead, I want to say to you, my brethren and sisters, I thanked God from the bottom of my heart that the gospel of Jesus Christ reached my mother, and that she knew it was true, when she was but a girl. All opposition and all persecution on the part of her father and mother and her loved ones never had one iota of influence upon her testimony that God lives and that Jesus is the Christ.

My cousins brought to me the old family Bible, and as I lifted the lid I saw a writing, and at the bottom of the last page of it the name, "Anna Kirstine Mouritz-datter." I could not read the writing, but I asked Brother Widtsoe to copy it as quickly as possible, then tell me what was in it. I desired to have it translated word for word. It was a message to her parents, written on the day that she left home—the day she was driven from home by a loving father and mother who thought that she would not be gone very long, but that she would soon return and ask forgiveness, and deny that she knew that God lived and that Jesus is the Christ. She was only a girl, then, but I am going to take the time now to read to this congregation, that letter, because it gives forth the spirit that makes women such as she. It is filled full of the spirit of our fathers and mothers who were willing to sacrifice all in this world for the gospel's sake; aye, it is the spirit of a missionary, teaching the gospel of Jesus Christ! This was written in her own hand-writing, and it was the last farewell of a girl who loved

*From a speech at the October General Conference of the Church, 1923.

her country, who loved her father and mother, and who loved her home, but who loved the gospel of Jesus Christ more:

"A few words from your daughter, Kirstine. Dear, my parents. Pray God for courage to accept this great truth contained in this book and now restored, so that rejected knowledge may not be a testimony against you on God's great day to come. I pray God that on that great day we may be able to gather together in joy and happiness, and that we may then be crowned to God's glory, and that He may say to us all: 'Come now, my faithful children, you shall be rewarded for your labors.' This matter, and my desire that you may know the truth and accept it, have made me shed in secret many burning tears, and they have been increased when I have thought of the ungodliness of mankind. The years are speeding on, the day is approaching when all must listen to the Shepherd and render obedience to His will, or receive punishment. The great King is coming to reign and to rule. Sin and evil will be banished. May God grant that you may be among the worthy ones. My heart grows tender when I think of these things. God give that all mankind may repent. I shall pray to my heavenly Father that all who read these lines may comprehend the true purpose of his holy book, and may lay down the burden of sin. That which I have written is for all who may read these lines. I pray God to lead you into eternal life.

"Kirstine Mauritz-datter, Drammen, Sept. 1, 1854."

I am not ashamed of the gospel of Jesus Christ. I am not ashamed of the testimony of the mother who gave me birth. I care not where I go upon the face of the earth, whether it be with kings, potentates, or any class of people in the world, I want them all to know that I am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and I pray God that I may have strength to do those things that he wants me to do, to say those things that he wants me to say, to live in a way that he wants me to live, and bear a testimony, of his truth and of his work, that will be worthy of a man who comes from a mother such as I had.

YOUR SUCCESS

Don't think of your mother, so loving and true,
Waiting patiently there for you,
Nor think of the father, so cheery and kind,
Nor think of the love at home you'll find.

Don't think of your uncle so strait and tall,
Nor think of the aid from cousin Paul;
Don't think of the brother that loves you best
Waiting to help you meet the test.

Don't think of your granny dear, so old,
Nor think of the secrets to you she's told,
Don't think of the grandfather, with hair of gray,
Waiting to help you on your way.

Just forget them all, and do your best,
Help yourself and make a success,
For although they wait to help you through,
No one can help yourself but you.

San Francisco, Calif.

Annie Webb

LIFE'S VISIONS AND PURPOSES

A Study for the Advanced Senior Class, M. I. A., 1923-24

BY PRESIDENT EMERITUS GEORGE H. BRIMHALL AND DEAN
HARRISON V. HOYT OF THE BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

Lesson VII—Service

A. Free Agency in Service.—Willingness in service keeps servitude out. No matter how easy it is to do a thing, the doing of it becomes irksome in the presence of an unwillingness to do it. Forced frolicking, or demanded dancing, would be activities of servitude, while voluntary trench-digging might be done with joyous freedom.

Recently Dr. Edward T. Devine told the story of a group of boys giving an exhibition of play to some recreational leaders. The boys played vigorously to a highly interested audience for the period designated, but the moment it was over one of the boys called out, "Come on, fellows, let's have some fun."

B. Service Determines Love.—That which I serve willingly I shall grow to love. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve" is equivalent to saying, choose ye this day whom ye *shall* love.

It is not what one gets from his country that causes him to love it, but rather the service he gives to his country that enhances his love for it. The foreigner who receives high wages in America and sends it away to support another country can never become a patriot. The mortal who eats at God's table, basks in his sunshine, breaths the free air of heaven, without giving the service of thanks, stands no chance of becoming a lover of God. "If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments," would read in the negative form, if ye keep not my commands ye cannot love me. The Lord does not need man's service for his sake, but for the man's sake.

God's love is already developed through his service of man. Service to God is an opportunity for the development and attesting of man's love of God.

C. Service Conditions Character.—The quality of one's service affects the quality of one's character. Honesty in service shows goodness in character, and makes for strength of character. We are in part what we desire, but we are in a greater part what we do. Character is said to be a composite of inclinations, intentions, and actions. Good service requires that the two latter be good. Carelessness in service is a sort of untruthness to one's self and it unconsciously cuts into the quality of one's character.

D. The Gratuitous Element in Service.—The gratuitous part of service is the best paying part. The student who goes beyond the assignment finds that the margin of over time and extra care is the producer of his high rating. This is true in all cases where one is his own employer, his own "boss." Generosity with one's self when working for one's self pays every time. It is the gratuitous element, in the service of others, the extra care and the gratuitous over time, that lifts the employee into the line of preference. Consistency cries out against the promotion of any one who does only what he is paid for. (Doc. & Cov., 58:26.)

E. Public Service Responsibility and Growth.—Service to society entails responsibility, and nothing is better for one's development than responsibility. It is said, however, that some grow under responsibility and others simply swell. "The insolence of office" may be fostered in monarchy,

endured for a time, in a democracy, but in God's government it can get no footing.

F. Perpetuity of Service.—The service of an author is perpetuated through his books, that of the inventor, through his machine; that of the discoverer, through his map, chart, or formula. The philanthropist serves on, through his gifts; and the reformer, through the institutions of his creation. We must leave at the grave all except that which we have given away. Money set to work at things eternal before we die serves on and on when we are gone.

G. Spiritual Service the Greatest of all Service.—(1) In extent it reaches into the past, covers the present, and extends into the future, with an interest in the dead, in the living, and in the unborn.

(2) It is fraught with the greatest responsibility. (D. & C. 18: 11-16.)

(3) It has the greatest proportion of the gratuitous element in it.

H. The Vision of Service.—

A service that brings me a living,
A service through which I can grow,
A service with margins of giving,
A service with Spiritual glow.
A service for home and for country,
A service for God and for man,
A service for self that's unselfish,
A service with universe span.

I. The Life Purpose.—To choose wisely; prepare carefully; work joyfully; improve constantly; so that one's desire may be as was Dr. Maeser's to "die in the harness," and to continue one's chosen work in the world to come.

Questions and Problems

1. Under what conditions does service become servitude? 2. Illustrate the proposition that, we grow to love whatever we willingly serve. 3. Show the cause-and-effect relation that exists between service and character. 4. Prove the truth or falsity of this statement: The gratuitous element in service is the best paying part of it. 5. Give illustrations of promotion coming through extra service. 6. Why is friend-making a most profitable business? 7. Under what conditions will responsibility produce swelling instead of growth? 8. How is the "insolence of office" guarded against in our Church government? 9. In what respects is spiritual service superior to all others? 10. Why can a missionary consistently declare that his mission was the most profitable employment he ever had?

Lesson VIII—The Service of Appreciating Service

A. Questions for Members.—

1. What does the title of this lesson mean to you? 1 minute. 2. What is your experience as to the effect of appreciation of your service? (a) On your power to serve? ((b) On your enjoyment of the service? Give illustrations. 2 minutes. 3. What effect does the appreciation of the work of others have on the appreciation of our own work? Illustrate. 2 minutes. 4. What is the relative value of expressed appreciation and unexpressed appreciation? Illustrate. 3 minutes. 5. In what ways may our home appreciation be made more expressive? Present in writing. 2 minutes. 6. In what ways may we improve our expressed appreciation of our bishop? 1 minute. 7. Speak on prayer, (a) as a process of counting blessings, (b) as a training in the expression of appreciation. 4 minutes.

B. Suggestive Topics from Which the Teacher may Choose one Outline, and speak on. 15 minutes:

1. Appreciation and Leadership. (a) Human, (b) Divine. 2. Appreciation of Inventors and Scientists. 3. Appreciation of Reformers. 4. Appreciation of our Government. 5. Appreciation of our Church. 6. Appreciation of the Book of Mormon. 7. Appreciation of Civilization.

C. *Home Service Song.*

I'll try to be helpful at home;
I'll try to be helpful at home,
By doing my share with patience and care—
I'll try to be helpful at home.

I'll try to be gentle at home,
I'll try to be gentle at home,
A kind pleasant voice I'll take for my choice—
I'll try to be gentle at home.

I'll try to be cheerful at home,
I'll try to be cheerful at home,
By keeping the while, close by me a smile—
I'll try to be cheerful at home.

I'll try to be grateful at home.
I'll try to be grateful at home,
So much on my way I get every day—
I'll try to be grateful at home.

D. *Discussion of 15 minutes.*

Lesson IX—The Ethical Self

A. *Questions and Problems for Members.*—1. What is meant in the lesson by the terms, ethical self, personal ethical self, social ethical self? Time. 2 minutes. 2. Show that the personal ethical self changes with our moods and with circumstances. 2 minutes. 3. What is a general social ethical self and why is it that the doors of good society are always open to it? 2 minutes. 4. What is meant by God's righteousness as indicated in Matthew 6-33? 2 minutes. 5. What is the superior ethical self and how is it developed? 2 minutes. 6. Speak on "the vision" of the ethical self and quote the scripture referred to. Time. 5 minutes.

B. *Notes for Study.*—1. Definition. The ethical self is one's goodness or moral character. It is more than one's innocence or purity. It is innocence tried and found true; it is purity combined with power to do the right. It is the good habit part of our life. 2. Classification. (a) The Personal Ethical Self. This is one's goodness as seen by one's self. The personal ethical self is modified by moods and circumstances. One's personal ethical self is not the same when one is gloomy, as when one is glad. Our own goodness is not as towering to us when reading the Sermon on the Mount as when singing the Star Spangled Banner.

(b) The Social Ethical Self. This is one's goodness as estimated by some one else. It is seen by you. One has as many social ethical selves as there are persons who know him. One's general social self is one's general reputation. One who has a good name has a good general social self. To this self the doors of good society are always open.

(c) The Superior Ethical Self. This is our goodness as the Lord sees it. Paul had a high personal ethical self. His goodness was great in his own estimation when he was persecuting the Saints. His social self was also high as his friends saw his conduct as good, but in the eyes of God Paul's ethical self needed making over. His personal, his general social ethical self was unacceptable to God, it was a moral monstrosity. When Paul

said, "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" (see Acts 9:5) he was seeking the right—the ethical, the moral, from God's point of view.

God's *righteousness is right conduct from his point of view*, and just to the extent that the self is ethical in conformity to the superior standards it becomes a superior ethical self, unmistakable and reliable. And just to the extent that it does not measure up to this superior standard the ethical self is inferior and unreliable.

C. *The Vision*.—An ethical self that glows with the garnishment provided for in D. & C. 121:45; a self with language conforming to the spirit and meaning of the Master's injunction recorded in Matt. 5:37, and the admonition of the apostle found in Eph. 4:29; an ethical self, with actions in keeping with the sermon on the mount; an ethical self known to God as the one who approached Jesus from under the fig tree (see John 1:47.)

D. *The Purposes*.—To hold to the doctrine that "as God is man may become," in harmony with the teaching of the Redeemer recorded in Matt. 5:48. To have confidence as expressed in "The Migratory Waterfowl," with Bryant, that

"He who from zone to zone, guides through the boundless sky, thy
distant flight,

In the long way that I must tread alone, will guide my steps aright,"

And with Longfellow, "Act, act in the living present, Heart within and
God o'erhead."

E. *Suggestive topics from which the teacher may select one for a talk.*
15 minutes' time:

1. "Moral in spots," *ie.*, strict in some things and lax in others. 2. The inter-dependence of ethics and religion as indicated in Luke 10:27. 3. religion the mother of ethics. 4. The parallel growth of ethics and religion.

F. *Discussion, fifteen minutes.*

Transformation

(A Spanish Forker's thoughts on looking over what was once Gopher Town.)

I have witnessed the newness of Heaven,
I have seen the old Earth pass away,
The verdure of field and garden
Has banished the desert to stay.

The bungalow stands where the cabin
Once sheltered the bravest of souls;
On the street where the cow herd was driven
The wheel of the fire chariot rolls.

The flicker of "dips" and of candles,
Is gone, and the arc light is here.
Gone is the old oaken bucket,
But the handles of faucets are near.

Yes, I've witnessed a newness of Heaven,
I've seen the old Earth pass away;
The good has made room for the better,
And nothing forever can stay.

'Tis happy that Change is eternal,
Like the roll of the waves of the sea.
For Rest is the child of commotion,
And Bondage is Liberty's tree.

Provo, Utah.

George H. Brimhall.

HELPS IN TEACHER-TRAINING

WRITTEN FOR THE GENERAL BOARD OF EDUCATION, BY L. JOHN
NUTTALL, BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

Stages of Development—Youth

(To accompany Lesson XX, *How We Learn*, Teacher-Training Text,
1923-24)

This period is more commonly known as the period of later childhood. It is the stage of more retarded rate of growth just preceding the great physiological readjustment and rapid physical growth that accompany the maturing of the sex functions. Roughly the period parallels the time between the 8th and 13th years of the girls and the 9th and 15th year in boys. The significance of these sex differences makes the study of this period more difficult than others. Sex tendencies are developing rapidly during the period but before they mature the effect is seen in social interests, mental activity and physical activity. In fact the whole problem of associating teaching to real felt interests centers around the understanding of this development of sociability. It expresses itself in the types of activity that seem natural, in the natural interests and in the mind content with which lessons and experiences are interpreted. Again teachers are urged to read widely both from psychology and from literature in which the child is a character.

Tendencies to physical activity are at their greatest height. Two reasons seem apparent. The rate of physical growth becomes slower and the motor nerves seem to develop rapidly and health is at its best. Resistance to disease is stronger than at any other time. This tendency to activity expresses itself in one way in games which gradually become socialized, and team play grows popular. Lessons are not directly benefited, but teachers can assert leadership and church organizations will develop a spirit of popularity if such games are fostered. No elaborate scheme is necessary, just group competing. It may sound inconsistent but it is true that during this period this socializing tendency expresses itself in rivalry, and efforts to outdo others can frequently be carried over from the physical to the mental work and real teaching occurs in these contest exercises. More significant in moral and religious teaching is the expression of this physical activity in seeking adventure. To combat this is serious, because here also is found the typical expression of the great mental stimulus, curiosity, and here also the imagination, not as fanciful as in the preceding period, finds partial expression. In seeking expression along this line gregariousness or sociability takes its characteristic forms in this period. Boys form gangs for doing things that bring adventure. These gangs are not immoral groups but activity groups. If permitted to be athletic clubs, to invent new ways of doing things, to build or equip places to meet, to take trips to and prepare lunch in places that are wild and fascinating and therefore not to be driven to seek adventure by going to forbidden places or by frequenting loafing dens where vile stories and filthy language are the means of entertainment, there will nothing but good result from these organizations. But without permission, careful correction and cooperation the boys act clandestinely; in the dark they perform acts they know are wrong and are thus compelled to declare oaths of secrecy and the groups are thus held together into the adolescent period and become makers of mischief and crime. Unless there develops some unnatural

condition such as this the gang spirit will disappear naturally as adolescence develops.

Perhaps the greatest single interest of later childhood is in mastery or achievement. The pupils love to do. They are easily discouraged with failure and easily disgusted when they are not expected to accomplish something. Memory is strong and accurate. Teachers should teach so that definite, clear cut information is mastered. Because of the sense activity and the strength of memory, material should be learned here which will form the basis of the rationalizing process later on. Bible stories, Old and New Testament, should be learned and retold. History is easily learned. Biography forms the basis of a rich exploration into all kind of experience. Often the ability of the children to acquire exceeds the ability of the teacher to give. The greatest safeguard against so-called evil thoughts is an abundance of good information. For a student to say "Aw, we don't learn nothin'," is not unusual. That the teacher doesn't consciously try to so teach that mastery is the result is often charged. To understand the demand of child nature for this information should stimulate all teachers to greater effort.

The sex organs are developing rapidly during this period. The first expression comes in a desire to clean up and make the person attractive. We are all familiar with the "neat little fellows." Encourage this but don't use biting sarcasm. The boy dislikes being with girls in general, but delights in teasing, tormenting and in showing off before them. Parties are quite welcome but sex attraction seems negative; because boys and girls do not mix freely, we say they are bashful.

But what about the girl? She gradually takes the lead in social development. Instead of forming into gangs she forms intimate social relationships with one or two girls as chums. Their secrets call forth giggles and shy whisperings. They too seek adventure and activity. Long walks are made, vigorous games are played, contests are enjoyed. Stories of chivalry, fairy princesses with men rescuers are enjoyed. In endurance and strength they are the equal of the boys. Because the social groups of girls is smaller the problem of control is not so great, but the need for it is just as strong. To build play houses, flower gardens, sew for dolls, do easily made fancy work and other activities substitutes for morbid self consciousness which may continue over into adolescence with serious consequences. Girls should be encouraged in vigorous activity.

Mentally they are as alert as boys and generally learn with less urging. The same general suggestions on teaching apply.

Girls in the youth or later childhood period are not attracted by boys, oppose them in their teasing and love to contest against them. This has value in intellectual pursuit and if cultivated forms the basis of a more wholesome attitude later on. They express sex development by personal care and adornment and by a gradually developing interest in woman's activities and by a definite social character noted in the things they collect and cherish. They view as nonsense the love making of older people, although they may select out individual boys of whom they seem to take mental possession. Gradually in one at a time rapid growth begins, the children become awkward, the sensations connected with sex are localized, adolescence begins and a child changes to manhood and womanhood. With proper pre-adolescent instruction this change is not one of great danger.

"Our early days!—How often back
We turn on life's bewildering track
To where, o'er hill and valley, plays
The sunlight of our early days."—*Gallagher*.

HOW TO RUIN A GOOD MIND

BY N. I. BUTT

In a certain Utah valley a little peach tree was set out under nearly ideal conditions. With its vigorous youthful spirit it shot out myriads of tiny rootlets into the rich soil, and above ground its twigs grew almost as by the touch of a magician's wand. It seemed happy as it prepared itself for the score or so of years it expected to live after it became full grown. But an enemy in the form of alkali accumulated about its roots as contaminated water from higher areas evaporated and left its salts behind. Many of the rootlets died and the leaves began to have an unhealthy look. The tree was stunted and all of its bright prospects destroyed. It remained a dwarfed and unproductive tree as long as it lived.

The above statement for the tree is applicable to the boy who, in youth, commences the use of tobacco, except, that instead of the poison coming without consent as it did with the tree, it is wilfully taken into the human system. Anyone who observes those about him may see boys who have been poisoned by the use of tobacco, but there are some who still think the ill effect of smoking is not great. Professor O'Shea, a Wisconsin professor, made a rather thorough study of this question and reported it in a book called *Tobacco and Mental Efficiency*, which was published a few months ago. He sent a questionnaire to one thousand high schools asking the principals and teachers about their experience with boys who used tobacco. Satisfactory answers were received from two hundred six schools. A good many of the principals used tobacco themselves and said they did not think it hurt mature persons, but almost without exception they were opposed to its use by young men. They said it made the young men lose interest in school and made them poor students.

Nearly thirty percent of the two thousand students smoked so there was a good chance for these principals and instructors to make accurate studies. The teachers had been observing some of the students for years. A report was made of the record of those who smoked. Many of the reports ran about as did the report for student No. 14, which follows: "Boy exceptionally bright in the grades and in the first year of high school, but in the second year his work began to decline. On investigation it was found that he had started smoking in the latter part of his freshman year, and during the summer months he had fixed the habit on himself. He finished school at the tail-end of his class."

Many of the boys quit school shortly after commencing to use

tobacco. Over sixty percent of those who smoked were poorer students than the average and nearly this proportion were low in deportment. Intelligence tests showed that the native intelligence of the boys who smoked was at least equal to those who did not, but when they began to smoke, they began to degrade in comparison with their non-smoking friends.

Records from surveys made in colleges show almost the same thing: the tobacco users were, on the whole, less efficient than the abstainers. Up to 1914 records for Harvard University students showed that in fifty years no tobacco user had stood at the head of his class though eighty per cent of the students used tobacco.

All the evidence given in the book points to tobacco as a real poison to the mind of young persons. It apparently acts on the delicately balanced mind of a boy the same as alkali acts on the tender rootlets of a plant. Youth is a time when impressions are almost indelibly forced upon the mind and if it is dulled by tobacco at that period, it remains dwarfed throughout life and the possessor becomes a mediocre individual who never accomplishes anything worth while. When it comes to mature persons the above book does not show such positive indications of the bad effects of tobacco. Much stronger evidence is needed before it is possible to speak as positively as can be done for boys. Many of the noted persons now living are said to use tobacco and they report that they notice very little effect on them, one way or another. Most of these persons are very light smokers and commenced the habit after they were mature. Those who expressed themselves concerning the use of tobacco by young people, say that it is likely to cause permanent harm. But even then, these users of tobacco might have been stronger, if they had never formed the habit.

Laboratory tests showed that tobacco smoking raised the rate of pulse beat in many individuals to a point where it was harmful. The tests indicate that on the average, smoking greatly lowered the muscular control or steadiness of individuals. It also lowered the rate persons could tap a telegraph key, or cancel figures in an intelligence test. Memory was shorter, figures could be added less accurately, and new things could be learned less readily by smokers than by non-smokers. As an average of all tests, even mature persons were deleteriously influenced by smoking.

If you wish to ruin your mind then, begin smoking while you are young.

Provo, Utah

"Tobacco is not for the body, * * * and is not good for man, but is an herb for bruises and all sick cattle."—*Doc. and Cov.* 89.

HOW MUCH DO YOU CARE?



How much do you care that tuberculosis caused 1,173 deaths in Utah during the last six years? That the majority of these were children and young men and women between the ages of 20 and 40?

That, according to the clinical survey made in the state, there are practically nine people suffering with the disease to every death? That many of these people do not know what is the matter with them and consequently infect other members of their family and people with whom they come in contact, spreading the disease over a vast territory? That those who do know they are tuberculous are ignorant of the proper home treatment which will make theirs an arrested case?

How much do you care that out of 2,858 people examined by the traveling clinic, 756 were diagnosed as having acute tuberculosis, that of this number, 317 were men in the most active and useful years of their life? How much do you care that Utah is one of the three states in the Union which by law has made no provision for the care of its tuberculous? The only means Utah has of combatting the scourge is through the efforts of the Utah Public Health Association, the branch organization of the National Tuberculosis Association. Like the ostrich which buries its head in the sand and refuses to recognize the presence of danger, many people refuse to admit there is a menace of tuberculosis or even its presence within the state. When the number of cases are called to their attention, they declare they are non-residents of the state, yet the clinical survey shows that of the 2,858 tuberculous residents, the majority were native to the state, and most of the others came to the state in childhood. Only 26 had been in Utah less than ten years. Aside from these startling figures, proving conclusively the stronghold of the enemy in our midst, many of the afflicted families are brought to the point of acute destitution. Families so brought to the poverty line are almost more difficult to relieve adequately than families suffering from any other cause. This is because tuberculosis is a long-term disease. A few dollars handed such people does not strike at the root of the trouble, but instruction in the care of their sick, instruction in preventive methods so that others will not contract it, will eventually remove the source of their trouble and eradicate it from the community. Teachers, doctors, surveys, home visits, and literature will help such cases, and such methods are employed by the Utah Public Health Association in its campaign for health and happiness. Success comes from the combined cooperation of men, women, children and money. The most direct way for the average citizen to help is to buy Christmas Seals to the utmost. The Christmas Seal sale is the only method the Utah Public Health Association has of raising funds for the campaign. The Christmas Seals are the little bearers of health to thee and thine, to me and mine. How much do you care?—*Utah Public Health Association.*

"Nor love, nor honor, nor wealth, nor power
Can give the heart a cheerful hour,
When health is lost. Be timely wise;
With health all taste of pleasure flies."

—Gay.

Editors' Table

The Centennial Celebration at Palmyra

A conference of the Eastern States elders and a number of the authorities of the Church, including Presidents Heber J. Grant, Rudger Clawson, Elder Joseph Fielding Smith and James E. Talmage, of the Council of the Twelve, was held at Palmyra with exercises at the Hill Cumorah, and the Sacred Grove, on Sept. 21-23, 1923, celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the visitations of Moroni to the Prophet Joseph Smith and the revealed existence of the Book of Mormon. There were besides in attendance, Elder John H. Taylor, president of the Northern States mission; Elders Asahel H. Woodruff and D. J. Lang, of Z. C. M. I., and Elder Edwin F. Tout, who acted as chorister and Nannie Tout Graham, organist. Also President B. H. Roberts, of the Eastern States mission, and Secretary LeRoi C. Snow, with about two hundred missionaries including fourteen lady missionaries and many other Church visitors.

An elaborate program had been prepared which was presented in seven public meetings, some held in the Sacred Grove, some on the Hill Cumorah and others in a great tent erected on the Joseph Smith farm, near Palmyra. The meeting on Sunday, at 2:30 p. m., September 23, on the Hill Cumorah, with President B. H. Roberts presiding, was attended by about two hundred missionaries, fifty visiting members of the Church and about one thousand non-members. They were assembled on the Hill Cumorah under the Stars and Stripes and the Cumorah and Ramah flags. At this meeting, which was very impressive, the minds of those present were carried back to the incident of the visit of Moroni to the hill and the miraculous coming forth of the Book of Mormon. This gathering was a significant feature of the conference and was attended by representatives of several of the great newspapers of the United States, particularly of Rochester, New York. The associate editor of the *Rochester Herald* was present during several of the meetings and had interviews with the authorities of the Church, the results of which appeared in several lengthy and illustrated articles in the *Herald*; and the *Rochester Journal* gave complete details of the celebration without bias, setting forth many of the beliefs and customs of the Latter-day Saints.

President Brigham H. Roberts, unfortunately, was ill and was able to attend but a few of the meetings. This was the only regrettable circumstance incident to the conference. The conference and its meet-

ings and the general gathering will never be forgotten by those who were privileged to participate.

The exercises were followed with great interest by the eastern press, as well as by the Saints in Utah and elsewhere. This was but natural. It was a notable mile-stone in the journey of the Church on the highway of history.

The Book of Mormon, the showing of the plates and the coming forth of which were commemorated there at that time, has now been before the world almost a hundred years. The story of its origin is the record of the greatest miracle of our age; and yet, criticism has never been able to break down the evidence of its truth. The doctrines of the book are true; for they agree with those of the Bible, and a doctrine cannot be true in one volume and false in another. They bear, as Dr. Widtsoe has expressed it, the evidence of their truth in themselves. But the Book of Mormon is also a historic record of some of the ancient Americans. This historic part of the book must yet be tested by external evidence, such as may be furnished by archaeological research, by the intelligent analysis of the Indian languages, and by a careful study of the traditions, myths, religious concepts, social institutions, etc.

As this line of research proceeds it will be found that the history of the Book of Mormon is the only scientific record in existence of the solution of the riddle of the origin and culture of the Indian, and through such research under the guidance of the Divine Spirit, even the exceedingly difficult subject of Book of Mormon geography will become clear and instructive.—A.

The General Conference

The 94th semi-annual conference of the Church was one of the most successful ever held, both in the matter of attendance, spirit and order. President Grant was especially happy in the delivery of his addresses at the opening and closing sessions. His address on Friday, October 5, at 10 a. m., will be printed in full in the December number of the *Era*. He referred to President Harding's visit, to the dedication of the Alberta temple, and dwelt upon the conference of the Eastern States mission in celebration of the 100th anniversary of the visits of the Angel Moroni to the Prophet Joseph Smith, the progress of the Arizona temple, the safety of the missionaries in Japan, and the general progress of the missionary work in the world. He referred to the M. I. A. slogan, "We stand for divine guidance through individual and family prayer," and deprecated the fact that there are some among the Saints who do not observe these requirements and likewise who fail to observe the Word of Wisdom, all of which he greatly regretted. He read the revelation on the Word of Wisdom, and stated

that it was a letter from the Lord to the Latter-day Saints with a promise. He counseled the Latter-day Saints to observe this word for their own salvation, temporal and spiritual. Reference was also made in his speech to the loyalty of the Latter-day Saints, and he commended them for the faithful payment of tithes, and said in closing: "O fathers in Israel, if you will set an example by being honest before God in the payment of your tithes, if you will observe the Word of Wisdom, if you will observe your family and your secret prayers, God will give you the strength to preserve the youth of Zion in purity and in the truth, and shield them from the adversary and from wicked and designing men, and give them a testimony of the divinity of this work."

President Grant announced, also, that recently the Church purchased the R. H. Ingles farm of ninety odd acres embracing the west slope of the Hill Cumorah, about one-third of the way up the hill. "There is a nice farm house and it is a very fine piece of property. Elder Willard Bean, in charge of the memorial home on the Smith farm, wrote that we could purchase this property and we are glad now that at least a part of the hill is in the possession of the Church," he said.

Concerning the two members of the Council of the Apostles who were absent, he stated: "Elder Orson F. Whitney's health is of such a character that he is not able to attend the conference. I am pleased to inform you, however, that his health has very greatly improved during the past six months, and that he is again able, occasionally, in fact nearly always, to meet with us once a week in the temple in the regular council meeting of the Presidency, the Apostles, and the Patriarch. But considering the state of his nerves at the present time, he does not feel that it is wisdom to be here and mingle with a large crowd. He is with us in spirit, and we hope and pray that he may be here in vigor of body and mind six months from today."

"Elder David O. McKay is absent in Europe, and is performing an excellent mission in presiding over the European mission and also over the British, and is accomplishing a splendid labor. The Council hear from him frequently and he is thoroughly enjoying his work."

At no conference ever held has there been better order, perhaps for one thing, because amplifying devices had been installed so that the people outside as well as inside of the tabernacle could hear what was said; these were also in the Assembly Hall and Barratt Hall, and at the Bureau of Information where other thousands had gathered. The possibilities of this invention in the future, in the wards and homes, at long distances, can scarcely be imagined. All the proceedings in the Tabernacle on Sunday were broadcasted by the *Deseret News* radio station. There were hundreds of people in Salt Lake City who listened to the sermons sitting by their comfortable firesides in their own homes; and doubtless others, who possess radios at longer distances from the city, did the same. The spirit of the whole conference was excellent and the representation from all the Church was very satisfac-

tory. The spirit of the Lord was enjoyed by those who spoke, so that the hearts of the people were touched to their blessing and upbuilding, and for the progress of the work of the Lord in the earth.—A.

Christmas Cantatas

The committee on Church music recommend the following as suitable cantatas for Christmas; *The Nativity*, by Henry Housley; *The Prince of Peace*, by T. F. H. Candlyn; *The Shepherd's Vision*, by Horatio Parker, and *The Christmas Rose* by William Lester. All are published by W. H. Gray Company.

Books

The *Era* has received the advanced proofs of *Rimrock*, a story of the west, by T. C. Hoyt, a former citizen of Utah, and now a resident of Arizona. The book consists of 319 pages and is published by the Four Seas Company, Boston, Massachusetts. It is dedicated by the author to his brothers, Josiah H. Hoyt and Edward Lamb who lived and served amid the stress of the times and events depicted. The story has very many interesting episodes from the real history of the west, and the characters are genuine. A few of the forty-three chapters are entitled, "A Man with a Purpose," "How Does a Horse Laugh?" "Nerve and Sense," "Looking Two Ways," "The Mavericks," "When Cupid Shoots and Hoots," "The Stampede," "Paths that Touch and Twine," "The Poison in the Cup," "A Discovery that Didn't Discover," "When Friendship Proves Itself," "A Man's Gethsemane," "Two Views from the *Rimrock*." The story is laid in southern Utah and northern Arizona, Kanab especially, and is a story that ought to interest not only the citizens of these two states, but of every state in the union, and of every person who is interested in ranches, cowboys, and the development of the great West and its redemption from the red man, and progress through the many epochs from the wild condition to the present civilization and comfort that surround the settlers. The introduction of irrigation in the agricultural development of arid lands of the West by the "Mormons" is held forth as a "great deciding factor and potent economic influence that broke up the vast range areas into smaller units and brought about the establishment of farming, ranching, and the feeding of stock as distinguished from the old, year-long range regime." From the chapters that we have read we should judge it to be a book well worth the reading. It will be on sale in early November at the book stores.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

Progress in Santa Ana

Gwendolyn Woolley, conference clerk of Santa Ana, California, reports a semi-annual conference of Long Beach. There was a priesthood meeting held on the 22nd, and following the meeting, the missionaries were banqueted by the Relief Society at the home of A. J. Smith. The general sessions of the conference were held on the 23rd and 24th of June in the

G. A. R. Hall, Santa Ana. Prest. McMurrin presided, and Prest. Silas A. Bushman conducted the meetings which were well attended by friends and investigators, as well as the Saints in Orange Co. Supt. Gustive O. Larsen of the mission Sunday schools and Y. M. M. I. A., Prest. Ruth Tanner of the Y. L. M. I. A. and Primaries, and Margaret K. Miller of the Relief Society, conducted conventions for the officers of these organizations. Excellent progress was reported. At Huntington Beach a Sunday school, Y. M. M. I. A., Priesthood class and a Relief Society have been organized within the past few months, under the direction of Elder T. T. Rasmussen.

Denying Slanders

Elder Joseph H. Valentine, writing from Nottingham, England, June 23, reports a conference which took place there June 3, which was very successful. The outstanding feature was the fact that it was held outside of Nottingham. "As far as we know, this is the only one ever held in Hucknal. Prejudice against the Church still exists in the city and that is perhaps the reason we were unable to hire a hall there. The Hucknal Cooperative Society offered us their hall and we quickly accepted. We began the new year by baptizing four converts in Birmingham. Here, also, opposition prevented us from renting any baths in the city. Matters have changed since then and we have been able to hold baptismal services every month, either in Leicester or Mansfield. Altogether, we have baptized 26 here this year. Too much credit cannot be given to the able leadership of President David O. McKay in bringing the work to its present favorable condition. On the first of April a new tracting system was adopted throughout the mission and we are using as a first tract, "Anti-Mormon Slanders Denied." It is certainly allaying the prejudice against our people in this conference, and we are getting more investigators from tracting than ever before. Our open-air meetings are well attended, more orderly, and we have been able to do a good deal of good through going on to the open market and denying these slanders which have been circulated against the Church and stating to the people our true motives. The elders are all fine young men, interested in their work and desirous of making it greater. We greatly appreciate the *Era* and find it a big aid to missionary work."

The Work Successful in Scotland

Elder Glen A. Finlayson, president of the Scottish conference, writing from Glasgow, June 27, reports that the work continues successful in that field. "Even though many are still frightened of the elders and believe them to be anything but Christians, there are a few who accept the gospel teachings and thereby transform their lives for the better. The *Era* is a great aid to us in our work, giving the elders not only valuable knowledge, but also providing interesting and instructive material for our friends. Laboring in and visiting this conference May 27, were John C. Bell, Mt. Pleasant; Elbert R. Curtis, Salt Lake City, (released); Osmond O. Jorgensen, Logan; David L. McKay, Ogden, (from Liverpool office); David W. Goddard, Salt Lake City, (from Liverpool office); Marquis I. Batty, Vernal, Utah; George G. Cambell, Salt Lake City; Harvey H. Glade, Salt Lake City, (clerk of the Scottish conference); Katherine G. Wright, Ogden, (from London conference); Joseph E. Wright, (president London conference); Emma Ray McKay, Ogden, (from Liverpool office and president of European Relief Societies); David O. McKay, Ogden, (from Liverpool office and president of European mission); John B. Cummock, Salt Lake City, (former president of Scottish conference); Annie R. Cummock, Salt Lake City, (released); Donald E. Rose, Salt Lake City; Frank W. McGhie, Salt Lake City, (released); Glen A. Finlayson, Provo, (president of Scottish

conference); George S. Taylor, Salt Lake City; Gordon L. Weggeland, Salt Lake City.

West Texas Prospering

Rex C. Ward, president of the West Texas conference, San Antonio, reports that the missionary work in that district is prospering and that the elders are doing all in their might to proclaim the gospel. "Many people who are earnestly seeking to gain a greater knowledge of our teachings are reading the *Era* each month, and the magazine is appreciated very much by the missionaries, since it is not only interesting and profitable to us individually, but a great help in our efforts to declare the gospel."



Missionaries of the West Texas conference, Central States mission, left to right (top row): J. A. Peart, Salt Lake City (Mexican mission); A. E. Peterson, Redmond; N. Orald Henric, Panguitch; R. J. Bremer, San Antonio, branch president; V. F. Birch, Eureka; A. H. Sorensen, Salt Lake City, retiring conference president; J. V. Heusser, Deweyville; John C. Reinhardt, local elder; C. W. Hill, San Antonio, Sunday school superintendent. Front row: J. R. Southwick, Liberty, Utah; E. L. Davidson, Parker, Idaho, (Mexican mission); L. P. Varley, Provo; S. O. Bennion, president Central States mission; J. E. Broadbent, Heber, Utah; J. Dean Allen, Nampa, Idaho; D. W. Merrill, Torrey; Rex C. Ward, Parowan, Utah, conference president.

Conference in Hull, England

The largest attended conference in this district, since the years before the war, convened in Grimsby, March 18. President David O. McKay of the European mission was in attendance with a number of presidents of conferences and traveling elders. The adoption and the application of the aim of the European mission for 1923, "Every member a missionary" accounted for the record-breaking attendance which demonstrated beyond doubt the wonderful missionary work that can be accomplished by individual members of the Church, with whom the success of the Church in its missionary

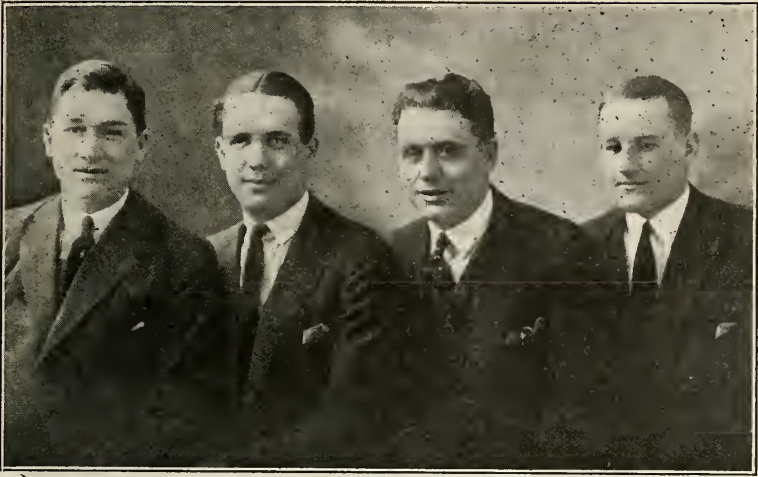
work largely rests, and not entirely with the missionaries who are especially called and appointed. The individual can do more to spread the gospel than the missionaries who are called, and especially set apart for that work in the Church. President George Osmond Hyde was honorably released to return home, and Elder Marion Rogers was chosen to succeed him. Prospects were never brighter in this district, the united efforts of the Saints and the missionaries causing rapid advancement.—*George Osmond Hyde.*



Missionaries laboring in the Hull conference, standing, left to right: Marvin L. Nielson, Garland; K. Marsel Widtsoe, Edward L. Burton, Jr., Salt Lake City; Grant Y. Anderson, of the Leeds conference, Malad, Idaho; J. Lewis Ellgren, clerk of the Norwich conference; J. Norman Dotson, Salt Lake City; Hiram Sutcliffe, of the Sheffield conference, St. Joseph, Arizona; Horace Y. Whittle, Fairview, Idaho. Sitting: Melvin T. King, Raymond, Alberta, Canada; David W. Goddard, of the Liverpool office, Ogden; George Osmond Hyde, retiring conference president, Downey, Idaho; Marion Rogers, incoming conference president, Snowflake, Arizona; David D. Lamph, conference clerk, Castle Dale; Alpheus Harvey, Kaysville; Donald E. Rose, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The Gospel at The Hague

Elders Heber C. Taylor and Philip C. Call, writing from the Hague; Holland, April 28, report that under the able leadership of the new president, Charles S. Hyde, and the splendid support of enthusiastic Saints, they are succeeding in bringing the truth of the gospel before the people. "Our labors are faithful, baptisms are frequent, hence our missionary work is pleasant as well as encouraging. Since The Hague is situated on the North Sea, a few nights ago we held a very interesting baptismal service on the beach under the shadow of the full moon, excelled in brightness only by the everwatching lighthouse, which threw its rays across the water as far as the eye could see. We baptized two persons, a short service was held an appropriate song sung, following the example set by our Savior. We are all happy and enjoying our work immensely, and thankful that God has blessed our effort with such success."



Elders, left to right: Heber C. Taylor, George D. Cushing, J. Francis DeBry, and Philip C. Call.

Large Book of Mormon Sales

Elder E. N. Christensen, writing from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, reports that "We have held street meetings in the different cities of this state and have large, attentive crowds. They are interested in our message and we are breaking down the prejudice which is prevalent throughout this section. The people in the country gladly entertain us while traveling without purse or scrip. We have sold large numbers of the Book of Mormon and many smaller books."

The following elders are doing country work in the Wisconsin conference: E. A. Christensen, Thomas E. Smith, D. L. Rasmussen, and R. A. Madsen.

New Mission Presidents

In July, Ernest LeRoy Butler succeeded John Q. Adams as president of the Samoan mission; and Hilton A. Robertson succeeded Lloyd Ivie as president of the Japanese mission. Albert R. Peterson has been made president of the Norwegian mission succeeding August S. Schow.

"Behold, they have been sent to preach my gospel among the congregations of the wicked; wherefore I give unto them a commandment, thus: Thou shalt not idle away thy time, neither shalt thou bury thy talent that it may not be known."—*Doctrine and Covenants*, 60:13.

Priesthood Quorums

Introduction to the Course of Study Melchizedek Priesthood, 1924

The course of study chosen for the Melchizedek Priesthood, during the year 1924, is the *New Testament*. It is expected that each member of the several quorums be in possession of a copy of the King James version of the Bible, containing suitable maps of Palestine and the Roman Empire at the time of the Apostolic age, and a concordance with Bible helps. A proper understanding of the subject cannot be obtained without these necessary aids. Each class should also be in possession of two good wall maps, one of *New Testament Palestine* and one showing the missionary journeys of Paul and his associates. These maps should be consulted freely, while the class is in session. The members should make themselves familiar with the geographical and natural divisions of the countries in which the scenes connected with their studies are located. In this manner the mind of each individual will be greatly impressed and the lessons taught may find permanent lodgment.

The course of study naturally falls into three divisions: The Life and Mission of Jesus Christ; the Acts of the Apostles; and the Epistles, including the Apocalypse, or book of Revelation. Other books in which additional information may be found regarding geographical, political, historical, and doctrinal topics may be consulted under the guidance of the presidencies of the several quorums. The extensive use of commentaries written by non-members of the Church should be discouraged; for the things of God are understood by the Spirit of God, and not by the spirit of man. Important texts and passages of scripture should be memorized, and in quoting from the scriptures careful attention should be given to accuracy. Incorrect quotations are hurtful, and may convey erroneous conclusions.

A guide, or manual will be issued by January 1, 1924, as a help in the study of the *Testament*. This manual is not *the text*. This must be thoroughly understood, and no member of a class will be properly equipped to enter into the discussion of the lessons without both this manual and a copy of the Bible, as suggested.

The outline of lessons in this manual is based on lessons prepared for the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association several years ago. Such changes as have been deemed necessary to fit the present conditions have been made by the presiding authorities, and with the consent of the officers of the Mutual Improvement Association. These changes have been made without notice to that effect in the body of the manual.

It is expected that each member of the quorum shall be fully prepared with every detail of the several lessons at the time of their presentation, and that preparation be not left to those who are assigned to take part. Let the interest in the subjects be mutual so that all may be edified. It is recommended that lessons be assigned two weeks in advance, to give ample time for preparation, and that several of the brethren be given topics to discuss. The text is divided into forty-two lessons, leaving several weeks for testimony bearing and the consideration of matters that may properly come before the several quorums.

The following rules and suggestions will be helpful if followed:

1. Talk directly to the subject.
2. Master all the necessary details of the subject.
3. Do not permit the introduction of matters foreign to the subject.

4. Stop at the right time and place.
5. Do not allow rambling discussions.
6. Avoid the introduction of mysteries.
7. Use your own language in preference to presenting the words of others.
8. Try to use correct language.
9. Testimony bearing may be permitted on special occasions.
10. Seek for the Spirit of the Lord and work hard under his direction.
11. Attend regularly the teacher-training class of your ward.

Your brethren,

The Committee.

Study for the Lesser Priesthood, 1924

It has been decided that the Priests of the Church are to study the same lessons that are provided for the Melchizedek priesthood.

The Teachers of the Aaronic priesthood will have for their lessons, Keeler's *Lesser Priesthood* which will be ready for distribution about the first of January, at a price, it is now thought, that will not exceed 25c per copy.

The Deacons will be provided with a manual entitled, *Duty Stories*, which it is now thought, will sell for 15c. All these books will be ready by the first of January, 1924, and will be on sale at the Deseret Book Company, to which institution all orders should be sent.

Canvass for the Era

There was a campaign during October for the canvass for the *Era*. One hundred percent of the work should have been done. We are asking to secure five percent of your ward population as subscribers and are insisting upon every home being visited and an earnest effort being made to secure at least one subscription in each home. When this is done we are satisfied. October was the month when the work should have been done, but if it has not been done, it should be finished in November.

Last year the largest stake Y. M. M. I. A. in the Church made its canvass in one day and that was a Sunday. By assigning one young man to one block, he found some of the people at Sunday School and at the other meetings, all of which he attended, and between meetings he called on those whom he had not met, and on Sunday night the work was done and 800 subscribers to the *Era* were secured. Could you not do something of this kind?

If the work has been done, of course, we shall be delighted, but if not, the canvass should continue until this labor is accomplished, and we expect to continue to correspond with the superintendents so that stakes shall stand where we know they want to, with the group who are 100% efficient in securing subscriptions.

Superintendents will assist their board members having in charge this department, and see that an immediate check is made with every ward so that the campaign to complete the canvass shall be under way at once.

Appreciating your labors in the past, we wish you every success in helping to make a new record in placing the *Era* in the home of every Latter-day Saint.

"The essential thing in life for us as real men is to have a knowledge of facts to correct our follies, an ideal to guide our efforts, and a gospel to sustain our hopes."—*Van Dyke*.

Mutual Work

Radio Messages to the M. I. A. at the Annual Membership Social

On Tuesday night, October 9, the annual membership social was held in the Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church. A radio program was broadcasted from the K. Z. N. *Deseret News* radio station. Three-minute speeches were made by Superintendent George Albert Smith, Counselor Ruth May Fox, General Board Y. L. M. I. A.; and by Patriarch Hyrum G. Smith, General Board Y. M. M. I. A. From letters received in the *Era* office the associations which had radios installed heard the program and enjoyed it. Superintendent Smith said:

"Begun in the 13th ward June 10, 1875, we have grown to be a great organization with associations in most of the civilized countries. Last year's census recorded a membership of over 52,000. We hope to add to that number this year and trust that the beneficial results of our work will justify the effort being put forth by more than 6,000 officers.

"We desire to cooperate with you in every way to make our society popular and profitable. Let us be punctual and radiate an influence that will be delightful to all our associates.

"Everyone should have a manual and study it. Every officer should possess a *Hand Book* and know its contents. It will be most helpful.

"We are organized not only for intellectual advancement, but for spiritual development. If our lives are pure we can approach our heavenly Father in prayer with assurance that he will reward us as we merit. And from the source of all truth we can draw inspiration for the battle of life.

"'In the name of God we have set up our banners,' Ps. 20:5. They are:

"We stand for—A Sacred Sabbath and a Weekly Half Holiday.

A weekly Home Evening.

Thrift and Economy.

State- and Nation-Wide Prohibition.

Service to God and Country.

Spiritual Growth through Attendance at Sacrament Meetings.

The Non-use and Non-sale of Tobacco.

Loyal Citizenship.

A Pure Life through Clean Thought and Action.

Divine Guidance through Individual and Family Prayer.

"May God's blessings attend you and your leaders that this great program may become a vital factor in the lives of our youth."

Ruth May Fox: To the members of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association wherever you are gathered, near and far: President Martha H. Tingey and her board send greetings! We congratulate you, on this occasion, that you are members of this great organization, instituted through the inspiration of a prophet of the Lord. We congratulate you at the beginning of your winter season's work, which has been carefully prepared for you. We remind you of the desires of the General Board and the Authorities of the Church that you keep the Word of Wisdom, as given

to the Prophet Joseph Smith for the benefit of all members of the Church of the true and living God, especially for the health and vigor of the youth of Israel. We promise you that if you will apply yourselves diligently to these pleasant tasks and will remember our slogan, that you pray individually and earnestly for divine guidance, that when the breath of spring shall waken the earth to gladness, you shall know, as you have a right to know, that your faith has increased and that you have grown materially in intellectual and spiritual power.

Oh, daughters of Zion, listen to the voice of counsel. Let your garments, as far as possible, "be plain and their beauty the beauty of the work of your own hands." "Retire to your beds early that ye may not be weary; arise early that your bodies and your minds may be invigorated." "So shall you grow like olive plants in their beauty and become as corner stones," polished after the similitude of a palace." May God's holy angels guard and protect you. Good night. Good night!

Hyrum G. Smith, Patriarch of the Church, said, in his talk:

I am grateful for this privilege of demonstrating to the world the power of prayer. For, the very elements that surround us and in which we live, belong to the great Creator who made them and who understands them best.

There are many people in the world who do not believe that God can, and does, hear and answer prayer. But through the mechanisms devised by man, the human voice is carried through unlimited space at a terrific rate of speed. And when our voice is cast upon the air it is caught up by the agencies that claim it, and our messages of communication go to and fro at all distances upon the earth.

Prayer is the vehicle that carries the messages of the faithful to the throne of our eternal Father, who hears and answers the cries of his children.

With the right of power given me of the Lord, I bless all the young people of the Church who are faithfully engaged in Mutual Improvement work, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

The Gospel Presented in Picture and Song

Thousands of people heard the gospel preached in southern California on October 6 and 7. For several days preceding, a huge forty-foot banner, stretched across the street in Long Beach, heralded the coming of the "Famous L. D. S. Choir" to feature an illustrated lecture on Ancient American Civilization. Newspaper articles proclaimed the event and in nearly all of the eighty-five busses operating in that city appeared large cards with similar announcements. The civilization of the past as found in ruins now being brought to view in Mexico and Central America was to be interpreted, in terms of the Book of Mormon.

An audience of over 2000 people gathered in the huge auditorium, some to hear again the choir that thrilled them a year ago, and some curious to hear the message of the lecture. President Silas A. Bushman of the Long Beach conference, was in charge of the arrangements and conducted the meeting. The choir, led by Conductor William Salt, sang "Loyalty," and "Let the mountains shout for joy," at the opening of the program, and "An angel from on high" when the lecture had proceeded to the coming forth of the sacred records, and then thrilled the audience with "The Flag without a Stain," at the conclusion. The lecture, delivered by Superintendent Gustave O. Larsen, assisted at the picture machine, by Elder Sharp Daynes, was well received. Two thousand people listened intently as the story of the Book of Mormon was told to them and the discoveries of ancient ruins interpreted for them. One hundred pictures of these ruins, carefully selected, appeared on the screen to support the story and at the conclusion they were confronted with the question, "If you deny the authenticity of the Book of Mormon, then

how do you account for these things that you have seen in actual photograph tonight?"

This lecture has been presented in most of the cities of California, Arizona and Nevada. Theatres, high school auditoriums, lodge halls, chapels and even river boats are representative of the variety of places in which it has been given. It has also appeared in the open, including auto parks, street meetings, and on the beach. It is estimated over thirty thousand people have heard the message.

On Sunday, October 7, the Los Angeles stake choir sang "The Vision," in the new San Bernardino auditorium. Arrangements were made under direction of President Ira M. Bay. Over twenty-five hundred people gathered in this historic "Mormon" town to hear the choir that has become famed in southern California. Under the direction of Conductor William Salt the choir very beautifully commemorated the founding of the city of San Bernardino by singing "The Vision" in the new auditorium. Elder Everard L. McMurrin gave a forceful introduction to the cantata, as he interpreted conditions leading up to the event of the appearance of the Father and Son and told the story of the vision. President Alex. F. Schreiner, pianist, and John A. Parrish, tenor, were widely advertised and easily met the expectations of the crowd assembled. They have both attracted attention in the musical circles of southern California.

Juab, 100 Percent

The Juab stake, through Superintendent Thomas H. Burton, has forwarded the full amount of their fund for 1923-24 for each of the five wards of that stake. The stake has credit for 13 life members and 13 more will be sent in in a few days. The canvass for the *Era* is completed and 5 per cent of the total population has subscribed. Each of the wards also has ordered and received one dozen each of the Senior and Junior manuals to begin their labors in the class work. Each ward has also a reading course, and every financial requirement of the General Board has been complied with. The associations are ready to begin their class and special and recreational work in October free from all financial embarrassment. We congratulate Superintendent Burton and his officers for the splendid showing of the stake.

Monthly Messages to the "M" Men

BY THOMAS A. BEAL, MEMBER OF THE GENERAL BOARD

Introduction

Under the caption "Monthly Message to the 'M' Men," the writer was privileged last Mutual season to contribute ten articles on the following topics: 1. Responsibility; 2. Objective; 3. Loyalty; 4. Technic of Success; 5. Faith; 6. Happiness; 7. Prayer; 8. Leadership; 9. Things Worth Remembering; and 10. Duty.

At the request of the Senior Committee of the young men and the editor of the *Era* these messages will be continued for the coming year. As the reading course constitutes part of the Mutual work, perhaps some thoughts on the Value of Books would well serve as an introductory topic. The reading course for this year, like that of last, is well chosen and if carefully read will not only give a wide range of entertainment, but much useful information as well as inspiration for higher ideals.

XI The Value of Books

In making a successful life as well as a living, good books cut a great figure. Today as never before books in unlimited numbers, and good books,

too, are at the disposal of almost everyone, if he so chooses. At our beck and call we can have a great company of the wisest, wittiest, and most instructing minds of all ages and every land; friends who will talk to us all day long just for the asking, and in the best language and in the choicest thoughts, giving us entertainment and pleasure and satisfaction. While entertainment is not the end of life, it does make life sweeter and stronger if it is uplifting, and thus helps us to reach the goal of our desire. But all books are not worth while. Millions are not worth the reading. Therefore in the choosing of books, as in the choosing of friends, one must be careful, for as a friend may have a great influence in the shaping of one's character, so may a book. Reading is mental traveling. If one wants to traverse a certain area of territory in a certain time, his movements must be guided with forethought and method, otherwise he will waste much space. In the world of thought and action one's greatest difficulty is that one does not know how to traverse it, and therefore one is likely to destroy both space and time. That is, many people waste much time in desultory reading that if wisely directed would make them masters of literature. The art of reading is to read in such a way that with the utmost economy one can secure the greatest results. But granting that one has so acquired the art of reading, that is not sufficient—one must know what to read, and that is no easy problem. Only, by experience can one solve that problem, unless one is willing to be guided by the advice of the best scholars—by such men as Emerson, Eliot, Van Dyke and others of equal repute.

In *Companionable Books*, by Henry Van Dyke, one of the books recommended for the Mutual reading course for the present year, we are given a brief treatise on some of the good books of literature, including the Bible, and are told, for instance, that there are four kinds of novels: "First, those that are easy to read and hard to remember; the cream-puffs of perishable fiction. Second, those that are hard to read and hard to remember; the purpose-novels which are tedious sermons in disguise. Third, those that are hard to read and easy to remember; those of faulty construction through which the reader must break in order to get at the rich and vital meaning. Fourth, those that are easy to read and easy to remember; the novels in which stories worth telling are well told, the characters worth observing are vividly painted, and life is interpreted to the imagination in enduring forms of literary art."

In this fourth class we have such works as Dickens, Thackeray and Eliot. Books which will last, which have already stood the test of time. Books which teach us how to enjoy life and help us to endure it. "They have enlarged and enriched existence by revealing the hidden veins of humor and pathos beneath the surface of the every day world." In them we find something strong and true, bracing and stimulating; a warmth of sympathy for suffering and an instinct for sacrifice. But the "Book of Books," says Van Dyke, is the Bible. "It has learned to speak in hundreds of languages to the heart of man. It comes into the palace to tell the monarch that he is a servant of the Most High, and into the cottage to assure the peasant that he is a son of God. It has a word of peace for the time of peril, a word of comfort for the day of calamity, a word of light for the hour of darkness. It has woven into our deepest affections, friendship, sympathy and devotion." Van Dyke's description of the Bible and especially of the poetry of the Psalms is inspiring. "Everything that he touches grows richer under his handling and his sympathetic insight and clarity of expression bring forth a fresher charm and a deeper beauty."

Books, like friends, to be appreciated must be associated with. In some cases they are more than mere friends, they are counselors and advisers. helpers upon whose aid and wisdom men can rely. To be a good book

under the proper test, it must leave a fine and wholesome feeling in the mind of the one who reads it—a desire for useful knowledge, a spur to making a career in the sense of greater service to mankind, and an inspiration to higher ideals.

Detail of Recreation Conference

To Be Held in the Stakes

Instruction Staff.—General Board Representative. Experts of the Stake in:—1. Music. 2. Drama. 3. Social Dancing. 4. Special Programs. 5. Physical Activities.

Who Should Attend.—M. I. A. Executive Officers, Stake and Ward. Specialists from each Ward in: Drama, Music, Public Speaking and Literature, Physical Activities, Dance Director. These may not be members of the Committee on Recreation.

Program for the Week

Preparatory Period.—Tuesday and Wednesday to be used by General Representative to confer with the instruction staff and prepare the program for the next three days, arranging schedule, division of the work and getting together the necessary equipment.

First Period.—6:00 p. m. to 7:00 p. m: Drama, Play Casting and Rehearsal, Physical Activities, Formation and Management of Leagues.

Second Period.—7:00 to 8:00 p. m: General Topics for the Whole Group.

Third Period.—8:00 to 10:00 p. m: Departmental Sessions: 1. Music. 2. Drama. 3. Social Dancing. 4. Special Programs. 5. Physical Activities.

Saturday Evening Social for the General Public.

Attention, Advanced Senior Workers

It is very desirable that the custom of testimony bearing be perpetuated in our groups. The exercise is, spiritually and socially, invigorating, and one of the best ways of knowing one another and of renewing acquaintance with the spirit of testimony which is usually present on such occasions.

The time allotted for social unit activities might occasionally be devoted to testimony bearing, and there might be given opportunities for a testimony at some propitious moment in the time set apart for discussions. At times the answering of a question should be intensified by relating a spiritual experience or an incident of a faith strengthening nature. Time devoted to appropriate testimony bearing is never wasted.

Appreciate the "Era"

Elder Walter D. Francis, conference president Adelaide, South Australia, September 1, 1923, says: "We express our deep appreciation of the *Improvement Era*, and assure you that it is enjoyed by all. We have found it a very effective instrument among our friends and investigators to help us in teaching the gospel. Some who were very prejudiced against our work have proclaimed it a most excellent magazine, covering a wide range of practical life."

Passing Events

Viscount Morley died Sept. 23, at Blackburn, England. He was formerly lord president of the council and secretary of state for India. He was 85 years old.

Passive resistance has been abandoned in the Ruhr, according to an announcement made Sept. 24 by the German chancellor, M. Stresemann. The surrender is unconditional.

The Stresemann government resigned, Oct. 3, after the Reichstag had rejected the compromise proposed by the government. Dr. Stresemann was charged by President Ebert to form another cabinet.

The forty-fifth exhibition of the Utah State Fair Association was opened Oct. 1, at the State Fair grounds, with beautiful weather and a large attendance. The exposition is characterized as the best and most instructive by the organization.

Insurrection in Bulgaria was reported to have broken out, Sept. 23. It was stated that a hundred thousand armed peasants were marching on Sofia. Communists were reported to be active among farmers and laborers in industrial centers.

Sidney R. Lambourne died Sept. 22, at a local hospital in Salt Lake City, of heart trouble, following influenza. He was formerly superintendent of the city parks and has left a lasting memorial in the results achieved in that line all over the city.

The American Federation of Labor will not form a separate political party. That is the decision arrived at in the convention held at Portland, Ore., Oct. 9. Samuel Gompers denounced the Russian soviet government as an enemy of both democracy and labor unions.

A strong plea for peace was the burden of the speech of David Lloyd George, at Montreal, Canada, Oct. 8, before an audience of 7,000. He described the horrors of the last war, and pointed to the still greater horrors of a future conflict, and he pleaded for unity of action among all races of the world, to end war.

Elder John Quincy Adams has been released from presiding over the Samoan mission, and is expected to return home, with his family, on Nov. 7. He has lived at Apia, Upolu, the last four years. Elder Adams is a resident of Riverside, Idaho. He has now filled two missions in Samoa and has written extensively about the islands. Ernest LeRoy Butler has been chosen president of the mission to succeed him.

Marriage is slavery, says Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont, of New York City, president of the National Womans' Party. The statement was made in an

interview at Colorado Springs, Colo., Sept. 21, on her arrival there to attend the equal rights memorial pageant. According to the report, she said she would not recommend marriage for any girl, but it does not show that she had any substitute to propose instead of the divine institution.

A naval disaster of deplorable proportions occurred Sept. 8, when seven U. S. destroyers were wrecked on the rocks off Arguello lighthouse, seventy-five miles north of Santa Barbara, California, during a fog. One of the victims of the wreck was John Young of Salt Lake City, son of John and Phœbe Young, 460 East Fifth South Street. He was buried with full naval honors from the Eighth Ward chapel, Oct. 1. The services were presided over by Bishop Joseph Fetzer.

Greece not guilty. That is the report of the international committee investigating the murder of Italians at Janina. It would now be in order for Italy to salute the Greek flag and pay for the murder of the Greeks on the island of Corfu, the bombardment and loss through the foreign invasion. But, although Greece is declared without blame in the matter, the council of ambassadors decided that Greece must pay fifty million lire to Italy. The sum was handed over, as ordered on Sept. 29, and the incident was said to be "closed."

Martial law was proclaimed throughout Germany, Sept. 26. The Bavarian government, on the same day, proclaimed the Versailles treaty null and void. The change of policy in Germany seems to have provoked riots with many fatalities. On Oct. 1, it was reported from Dusseldorf that 21 persons, including five French officers, had been killed in the Rhineland, and that 200 wounded were in the hospitals. Fighting between Republican and Nationalist troops was reported from Kuestrin the same day.

Elder Lafayette Thatcher Hatch died, Sept. 25, at Rotterdam, Holland, of acute diabetes, at the age of 24 years. He had been in the mission field only three months, having left Logan, his home town, on June 10, this year. He was born in Logan April 4, 1899, and was the son of H. E. and Georgia Thatcher Hatch. His early life was spent in Logan, where he attended the grade and high schools and finally the Utah Agricultural College. The body was shipped from Rotterdam, Oct. 3, on the U. S. S. *New Amsterdam*.

The death of Thomas Orr, a Utah pioneer of 1847, is announced in a press dispatch from Sacramento, dated Sept. 30. He died in Shingle Springs, near Sacramento, at the age of 92 years. He was born near Glasgow, Scotland, March 26, 1831, and emigrated to America with his parents when, three years of age. After living in New York for a short time the family, moved to Commerce (afterwards Nauvoo), Illinois. Orr often recalled the slaying of Joseph and Hyrum Smith and the wounding of John Taylor at Carthage.

A Special election was held in Oklahoma, Oct. 2, and the voters decided that the legislature should be empowered to meet without the call of the governor, for the purpose of instituting impeachment proceedings against any state officer. The house tried to meet on Sept. 26, but was dispersed by the military forces, at the order of Governor Walton. A legal struggle followed, and the election was held with the result stated. Governor Walton has been strenuously opposing the illegal acts charged to the Ku Klux Klan, or so-called "invisible empire". The Klan, so far, seems to have the upper hand in Oklahoma.

John D. Dixon, prominent banker of Provo and former state treasurer, died suddenly, Thursday, October 4, at Provo, Utah. He was born in Salt Lake City on July 16, 1857, and was the son of Henry Aldous and Sarah DeGray Dixon. At an early age he came to Provo and has been active in religious, political and business capacities in that city and in the state. He filled a mission to the Southern States in 1898, and was for many years superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. of the Utah stake. He was a man of sterling integrity and of excellent character and is mourned by the whole community, both in the city where he lived and in the state at large. His funeral services were held on the 7th of October at which leading citizens of the state and Church eulogized his life.

Berkeley, Calif., was ravaged by fire, Sept. 17, when five hundred residences were destroyed. The flames broke out in brush in Contra Costa county. At 2 o'clock p. m., they had reached the crest of the ridge on the eastern slope, where many of the wealthier citizens resided. Within an hour, notwithstanding all efforts to check the destruction, the fire had spread in all directions. For four hours the flames prevailed, but by 7 o'clock they were under control. A quarter mile square extending from Cedar to Shasta streets to the east of Euclid Ave., was reduced to ashes. Among homes reduced to ashes are those of President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, president emeritus of the university, and John Howard Taylor, architect. All the houses on upper Leroy are destroyed as well as the houses on La Loma Ave. Houses on Shasta, Tamalipas road, Tallac, Shasta street, Hillside Ave., Hawthorne terrace, Rosewood, Spring and houses on Arch street from Vine south, also were burned. Another area south of Cedar Street and west of Euclid Ave. was razed and forty homes destroyed. Homes in another area extending to Spring street are burned. The path of the flames has been generally southeast and southwest from the Berryman reservoir, the seat of the conflagration. The university buildings were not harmed.

Brief History of Panguitch Farm by J. R. Bateman, Farm Superintendent—The Panguitch Farm, or State Experiment Farm, as it is now locally known, is located three miles north of Panguitch in Garfield county. It comprises something over one hundred acres of the choicest land in the valley. About 1900 the Government saw fit to establish an Indian school in this section, and the above mentioned farm was bought for this purpose. The young native Americans were to be brought up along the lines of agriculture and domestic art. The farm was equipped with tools, class rooms, and living quarters to care for about fifty students. However, due to climatic conditions, and trouble getting the youngsters to stay at school, the proposition was soon abandoned and the property turned to the State. From this time on the Experiment Station has had direct control of the place. They first stocked it with Holstein-Friesian cattle but found they were not very profitable or in great demand at that time. In 1920, a herd of registered Shorthorns were placed on the farm. Since then the choice males have been sold for bulls and the females kept to improve the old stock, which are culled every year, and the culls sent to the butcher. The old school buildings have been razed and made into sheds and fences, so at present the farm is well equipped to handle livestock in such a section. The aim of the farm is to produce a good uniform herd of cattle, the bulls from which will be sold to Southern cattlemen to improve their native stock.

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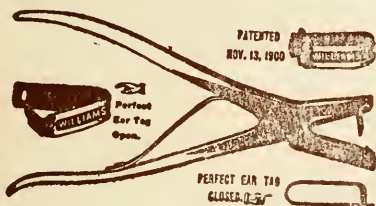
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